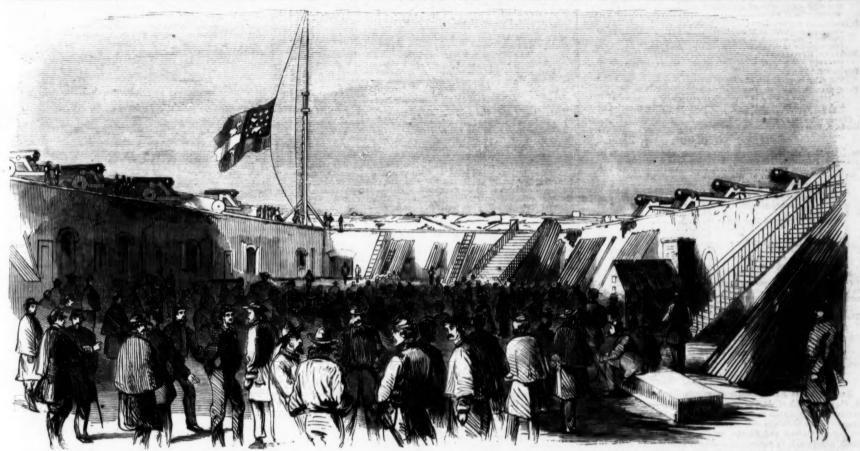
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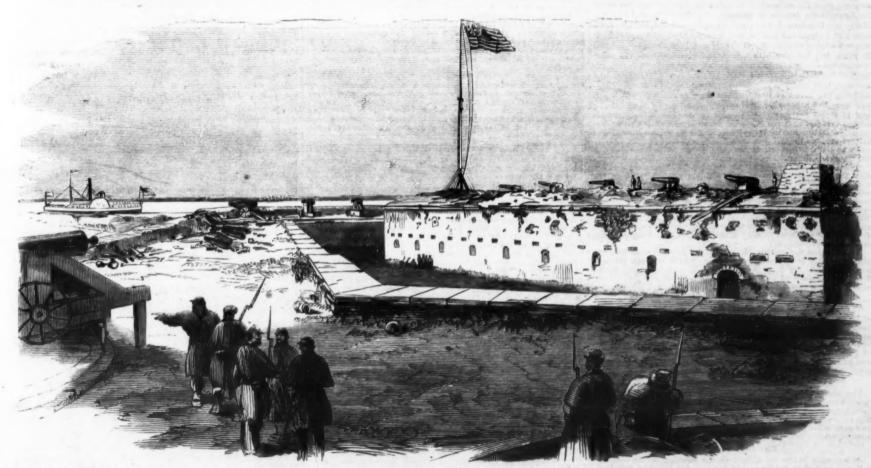
No. 342-Vol. XIV.]

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1862.

DOUBLE NUMBER, PRICE 12 CENTS.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA-SURRENDER OF FORT MACON-INTERIOA -- LOWERING THE BERK FLAG, APRIL 20TH. -- FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. H. SCHWLL .- SER PAGE 50.



THE WAS IN NORTH CARCLINA SUBRENDER OF FORT MACO. - ANTERIOR ON SIDE PACING NATIONAL BATTERIES, SHOWING REFICT OF SHOT ON THE GLACIS AND WALLS. - FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. H. SCHELL.

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FRANK LESLIE,

19 City Hall Square, New York.

CAPTURE OF FORT MACON.

THE capture of Fort Macon, commanding the harbor of Beaufort, N. C., on the 20th of April, adds another to the long and brilliant series of National victories, and opens another port to peaceful commerce and the blessings of a legitimate and beneficent Government. Only Forts Caswell and Sumter, on the whole line of the Atlantic coast, now remain in possession of the rebels, and even these cannot long escape the fate of Forts Clinch, Pulaski and Macon.

Fort Macon is not one of those open earthworks erected by the in-surgents since the outbreak of the rebellion, and on which they relied until taught the lessons of Hatteras, Port Royal, Rosnoke Island, Henry and Donelson, but an elaborate casemated fort, built, in common with Pulaski and Sumter, by the United States Government. It was commenced in 1826, and as already said, is casemated, mounting 60 guns, and provided with a ditch and glacis, and all the other rees of a formal fortification. It was seized by the State Government of North Carolina immediately on the fall of Fort Sumter, and has since been held and garrisoned by North Carolina troops. Com-manding the harbor of Beaufort, and impregnable from the sea, it has furnished a cover for rebel operations in running the blockade, and in fitting out privateers to prey on our commerce. It was behind this fort that the Nashville found refuge, after cluding our squadron off the coast. Its capture, therefore, became a matter of importance, and the task was one of those confided to Gen. Buffiside when he sailed from Fortress Monroe. How well he has effected it

when he sailed from Fortress Monroe. How well he has effected it the result has shown.

As we have said, the fort was too strong to be successfully assailed from the sea. Gen. Burnside, therefore, proceeded to get in its rear and attack it from the land. His descent on Newberne was made with this purpose, direct or indirect, and his brilliant victory at that point put Fort Macon substantially in his power. He lost no time in occupying Beaufort, thus completely isolating and blockading Fort Macon. This was effected about the 20th of March, when immediate measures were taken to reduce the fort—garrisoned by about 400 men under Col. White, formerly of the U.S. army, and supplied with six months' provisions.

Troops were accordingly landed on the marshy sand-spit, the point of which is occupied by the fort, called the "Bogue Banks," five miles from the fort. These gradually advanced, until within breaching distance of the work, when they commenced the erection of siege and mortar batteries.

The batteries.

The batteries were three in number, viz., two of morturs and one of siege guns. The first, consisting of four 10-inch morturs, was built under cover of a large sand-hill, 1,400 yards from the fort. The second, 100 yards in advance, and nearly in the centre of the island, consisted of three long rifled 30-lb. Perrott guns. The third consisted of four 8-inch mortars, placed 1,200 yards from the fort. Trenches and rifle-pits connected these batteries, to enable the infantry to repel any sortie that might be made from the fort.

Demand for Surrender.

The preparations for opening fire were completed on the 23d of April, when Gen. Burnside sent a flag of truce to the fort, to demand its surrender. The demand was refused, but the Commander of the fort solicited an interview with Gen. Burnside, which was acceded, and permission given to the officers and men to send letters to their friends, subject to the inspection of the National officers.

The Bombardment.

At a quarter before six o'clock on the morning of the 25th the batteries opened on the fort. The garrison was evidently surprised, and it was some time before the fort began to reply. The correspondent of the Herald tells us that "The atmosphere was clear, the morning beautiful, the breeze

from the south-east stiff and fresh, all conspiring to enhance the grandeur of the scene. The noise of the explosion was terrific. Window frames shook, houses trembled, and even the waters of the Sound seemed to rufle with each shock.

"The firing on either side was for some time wild and ineffective. The b ting shells filled the air with wreaths of smoke, or tossed the sand is water in fountain-like columns. The solid shot from our batter troricocheted along the surface of the water beyond the fort—those m the enemy glanced harmlessly from one sand-hill to another. But gradually the range on either side was attained with increasing accuracy, and the deadly missiles began to strike frequently and more frequently in the vicinity of the hostile positions. So the work went on until mid-day, when the terrific fire of our batteries became distinctly visible in its results.

"The precision attained by the practice of the forenoon, and the facility of loading and firing which even the experience of a few hours had given, were now evidenced in the successful results of each shot from our batteries, and in the almost incessant nature of the discharges. The scene assumed its grandest aspect after two 'clock. A flash and puff of smoke betokened a discharge; an interval elapsed, which terminated with the report of the piece; then came the sonorous hum of the shell as it flew through the air; another puff of smoke, soon followed by a second report, and the deadly missile had exploded."

At first the fire from the fort was kept up from seven or eight guns,

exploded."
At first the fire from the fort was kept up from seven or eight guns, exclusive of carronades, but these were gradually silenced, so that at three o'clock but two guns replied; 15 guns had been dismounted and disabled. In the National batteries one of the siege guns was temporarily dismounted, and one man killed; 1,100 shot were fired, of which 660 struck the fort. The rebels fired 1,600 shot and shell.

The Surrender.

The Surrender.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the fire from the fort ceased, and a white flag was run up. Our batteries suspended fire, and shortly after a flag of truce came out from the fort to ascertain what terms would be granted to the garrison. An interview was arranged with Gen. Burnside, who was on board the fleet. Meantime night came on, during which the National batteries were repaired and strengthened, with the purpose of opening on the fort in the morning, if necessary. The interview between Colonel White and Gen. Burnside, however, resulted in the surrender of the fort, on the following conditions:

ART. 1. The fort, armament and garrison to be surrendered to the forces of the United States.

ART. 2. The officers and men of the garrison to be released on their parole of honor not to take up arms against the United States of America, until properly exchanged, and to return to their homes, taking with them all their private effects, such as clothing, bedding, books, etc.

The Garrison Stacking Arms.

Immediately after the return of Col. White there was a great bustle in and about the fort; the men were hurrying here and there, and all who had been watching our movements were seen to gather inside the forts. In a short time the gates of the sallyport were thrown open and a large train of soldiers marched out of the garrison, and, forming a square on the green just outside, stood there for a few minutes. They were then marched into line, when they stacked their arms and marched back to their quarters. The sight of the arms standing on the green, and the disarmed and defeated men returning to the fort to take a final farewell of it, was almost too much for those on the steamer to bear, and it required great self-possession to refrain from bursting out into three hearty cheers for our victory.

The Occupation of the Fort.

As soon as these preliminaries were completed Gen. Burnside ordered the 5th Rhode Island to form in line, and at command of Major Wright the various companies defiled from their positions behind the hills and formed upon the beach, where, after a short review, the General unfurled the new colors of the battalion just sent by the State of Rhode Island, and bearing the words "Roanoke" and "Newberne," and returned them to the color-bearer, who took his place at the head of the column. The procession was then ready, and at the word moved in the following order to take formal possession of the fort:

Gen. Burnside, Gen. Parke, Capt. Biggs, Capt. King.
Major Wright.
Color-Bearer,
Battalion 5th Rhode Island Volunteers.
Staff.
Members of the Press.

Members of the Press.

The procession, as it moved along the edge of the shore, with the bright, new banner of the Union flapping its folds, as if in defiance of the rebel flag, which was still floating over the fort, presented a very pleasing sight. Coming to the southerly slope of the fort the column filed to the left, and, rounding the edge of the green sward, entered the sallyport. Ascending to the ramparts the battalion marched once around the fort, with the banner still before them. The companies were then told off to their respective places, and the ceremony of taking possession had ended, with the exception of

Hauling Down the Rebel Flag.

This was soon performed; the halyards were loosed, and the bunting came to the ground. It was given into the possession of Major Wright, who intends adding it to the collection of trophies in the Legislature of Rhode Island. It was made out of the old flag of the garrison, with the stars withdrawn to suit the number of revolted States. A second flag had been lying in an obscure part of the fort; it was hunted up and brought to light, adjusted to the halyards, and raised above the fort—which was thus "restored, repossessed and occupied."

In accordance with the orders of Gen. Burnside, the elevation of the colors was forbidden to be attended with any demonstration by

the colors was forbiden to be attended with any demonstration by the soldiers, though, as they expressed it themselves, they did want to "scream," and very loudly at that. But from across the water came three tremendous cheers. Beaufort had emptied itself upon its wharves, and when the troops and Unionists saw the Sturs and Stripes at the top of the flagstaff they vented their feelings in one grand uproar of joy.

The Appearance of the Fort.

The Appearance of the Fort.

The marks of our terrific fire were abundant enough. The pitted walls, cracked and splintered stonework, broken coping, yawning ditches in the earth of the slope, dismounted and disabled guns, sandbags scattered in confusion, all testified the fact. On the ocean side the effects of the short but brisk fire from the flect was seen. A Parrett shot perforated the woodwork of one of the gun-carriages, passed along parallel to the edge, and snapping in two the elevating screw, killed the gunner while in the act of sighting, then crossed over to the opposite side and killed two more, besides wounding several others. One man, who was sitting on a cot in his casemate, had a leg taken off by a fragment of a shell which came in through the window. The front of the casemates exposed to the shots e-ming over the ramparts was protected with bars of railroad iron laid slauting from the terreplaines to the ground. A Parrott shot cut off the ends of two of these bars, and sank its own length into the brickwork. The fragments of shell, too, had covered the walls with a fretwork of holes, and, where they burst alongside the guns, had scattered the grape from their canvas bags, while the roofs and sides of the houses around the fort were peforated and splintered.

Rebel Loss, Prisoners and the Spoils.

Rebel Loss, Prisoners and the Spoils.

Rebel Loss, Prisoners and the Spoils.

The rebel loss during the bombardment was seven killed and 18 wounded. The number of prisoners surrendered was 420, who were immediately put on board steamers and taken, some to Newberne, others to Wilmington. The rebel officer of ordnance delivered over the following ammunition? 20,000 pounds of powder, 130 ten-inch shell, 250 thirty-two pound shot and 150 eight-inch shot, besides 400 stand of arms, with accompanying accountements. In its results the victory is the most important of our campaign in North Carolina. Hatteras Inlet will become obsolete with the memory of all its disasters. The possession of the beautiful harbor of Beaufort strengthene the basis of our operations; and with open lines of communication to the Atlantic scaboard, further victories and glory await the progress of the Burnside Expedition into the heart of the rebellion.

Gen. Bureside's Congratulatory Address.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, BEAUFORT HARBOR, April 26, 1862. The General-Commanding takes peculiar pleasure in thanking Gen Parke and his brave command for the patient labor, fortitude and cour-age displayed in the investment and reduction of Fort Macon. Every patriot heart will be filled with gratitude to God for having given to our beloved country such soldiers.

The regiments and artillery companies engaged have earned the right to wear upon their colors and guidons the words—"Fort Macon, April 25, 1802."

By command of Major-General BURNSIDE.
L. RICHMOND, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Operations of the Fleet.

The bombardment was participated in by the steamers Daylight, State of Georgia and Chippewa, and the barque Gemsbok, all under the command of Com. Lockwood. The gunbeat Ellis, and the floating batteries Grenade, Grapeshot and Shrapnel were also present, but, owing to the roughness of the sea, unable to participate in the attack. This circumstance also interfered with the operations of the other vessels, which nevertheless did effective service. The only damage sustained was a shot through the Daylight, flagship, which wounded two men.

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FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor .- E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1862.

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It is a misapprehension altogether that our issues of double numbers are made with the view of eclipsing our illustrated contemporaries. We are obliged to print them in order to give place to a reasonable proportion of the numcrous and interesting sketches sent to us by our Special Artists and occasional contributors. We have at this moment a plethora of valuable drawings, illustrating the War, and have literally hundreds of engravings ready, which have been crowded out to give place to others of more immediate or of present interest. The public requires that this War—the first great one that has taken place since wood engraing has reached its present perfection—shall be fully represented pictorially, and this we have undertaken to do, and mean to do. To this end we have issued our double numbers -something never undertaken by any illustrated periodical on this side the Atlantic-and if necessary, we propose to issue triple and quadruple numbers-an enterprise of which our own establishment alone is capable.

Summary of the Week.

THE latest, if not the most important piece of intelligence from "the Seat of War," is that of the evacuation of Yorktown, the boasted rebel "impregnability," between York and James rivers.

Early on Saturday morning, the 3d of May, or late on Friday night, the rebel forces, number unknown, but reported between 50,000 and 100,000, and under the command of Gens. Lee, Magruder and Jos. Johnston, made a silent and hasty retreat in the direction of Richmond, after destroying all they possibly could, throwing arms, ammunition, etc., into the river. When the Union troops entered the deserted fortifications, they found about 70 large slegeguns, ammunition, camp equipage and officers' bargage—among which, it is said, was Gen. Joseph Johnston's. If we are to put any faith in deserters, it would seem that Jeff. Davis himself paid a visit to the camp on Wednesday, when a consultation took place between the rebel conclave, Lee, Magruder, Johnston and Davis. The result was that all considered their position untenable, except Gen. Magruder, who, with his usual daring, wished to fight where they were. Gen. Lee, however, who had carefully examined the defences at Yorktown, declared them untenable, and, despite Magruder's opposition, that wilful and intemperate man had to surrender the quarters he had held for nearly a year. One of Gen. Wool's staff informs us that there was something absolutely comic in Magruder's proceedings from the day of Big Bethel till Gen. McClellan's arrival. Whenever Gen. Magruder imbibed too much champagne, he would send a flag of truce to Gen. Wool, ordering him to evacua e Fortress Monroe within 24 hours or he would open fire a son

On Saturday, when Gen. McClell n became aware of the flight of the rebel army, he immediately sent all his cavalry and a strong force of artillery and infantry in pursuit. Gen, Franklin's division, which was on board transports, a so steamed up York river. Gloucester Point has likewise been occupied by our forces

As at Beaufort, only one representative of rebeldom was left behind Yorktown, and that was a gentleman of color. Some of the deserters from the rebels report that Gen. Magruder addressed the troops, denouncing the retreat, and that he was enthusiastically cheered by them. The dissatisfaction was so great as almost to amount to mutiny.

From the South-West we learn that Gen. Pope had advanced to Farmington, but five miles from Beauregard's headquarters, at Corinth, where, on the 2d of May, he found a force of 4,500 rebels, "whom he routed in handsome style, killing 30, capturing many prisoners and taking all their tents and baggage." A portion of Gen. Pope's cavalry went in pursuit, towards Corinth, and some of his artillery deRailway. Lieut. Gwin, of the gunboat Taylor, reports capturing the rebel steamer Robb, at Florence, on the Tennessee river, and the burning of the rebel steamer Dunbar. He announces to Com. Foote "that the rebels have now neither a gunboat or boat on the river." Gen. Mitchell has "fluttered" the rebels at Chattanooga, destroyed their saltpetre works, and his cavalry have penetrated to Athens, in Alabama.

Com. Foote is still before Fort Wright, where he holds in check a considerable rebel force, and is patiently awaiting the advance of Com. Farragut's flotilla up the Mississippi. This flotilla is represented as having captured Baton Rouge, about 100 miles above New Orleans, the principal rebel arsenal in the South-West. Advices from Memphis state that the flotilla was advancing on that city, which was being rapidly evacuated. By the time these lines reach our readers, the whole Mississippi river will doubtless be cleared of the rebels. Their famous "gunboats" at New Orleans proved to be "men in buckram." All that were there were destroyed.

In New Mexico, where the Texan invaders obtained slight temporary success, they have lately met with serious reverses. They have been defeated in several engagements -the last at a place called Povollo, and are retreating from the Territory, with Col. Canby in pursuit.

Our successes on the sea keep pace with those on land. The rebel steamer Ella Warley, formerly the Isabel, plying between Charleston and Havana, but lately engaged in the contraband trade between the British establishment at Nassau and Charleston, was captured on the 25th of April, about 100 miles north of Abaco, by the U.S. gunboat Santiago de Cuba, Com. Ridgely. She reached this city May 3d. She is loaded with Enfield rifles and cannon-British contributions to "neutrality." The Santiago de Cuba also brought in a schooner, loaded with 170 bales of cotton, captured off Charleston, and the schooner Mersey, taken with a contraband cargo on board, April 26th. The Santiago de Cuba also chased the Nashville for several hours, but the latter was too fleet for her and escaped. The prize steamer Nuestra Señora de Regla also arrived in this city from Port Royal, April 30th, in tow of the transport Empire City.

At Philadelphia, May 3d, arrived the British steamer Bermuda, which has acquired some celebrity by several times successfully running the blockade. She sailed from Liverpool about the 1st of April for Bermuda, was captured April 27, off the Hole in the Wall, by the steamer Mercedita, Com. Stellwagen, and brought in by Prize Master Abbott. Her cargo is principally powder, munitions of war and arms. The captain, crew and 12 passengers on the Bermuda were also taken. The steamer Florida, captured at St. Andrew's Bay, Fla., also arrived at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, May 3, in charge of Prize Master Lewis. She has aboard 200 bales of cotton.

The rebel privateer Sumter, which has been for some months blockaded by the U. S. gunboat Tuscarora, at Gibraltar, has finally given up her character as a "Confederate war vessel." Her captain and officers arrived at Liverpool on the 17th of April. The crew of the vessel had been discharged, and she was to be sold, and this is the end of the "bold pirate."

Scarcely less important than the events above recounted is the circular of Mr. Seward to the foreign representatives in Washington, that mail communications will at once be opened with New Orleans, Savannah, Beaufort, etc., etc., in fact with all places "repossessed" by the United States in the South, and that "the necessary preparations are being made to modify the blockade, so as to permit limited shipments to be made to and from those ports."

Censure on the Secretary of the Navy.

THERE is no Government in the world, except our own, professing to exist by "the consent of the governed," in which a Cabinet officer would be retained in office for a single day, against the sentiments of the people, and in the absence of confidence on the part of the representatives of the people, openly expressed. Few Governments would dare to retain an officer whose conduct had been distinctly censured by the Legislature. Few officers would have the indecency to remain in office after an expression of such censure on the part of the people's Representatives. We cannot conceive of a man of any susceptibility of feeling willing to retain office, when he knows that his doing so is a source of annoyance and embarrassment to the Executive, and when an entire lack of confidence on the part of the Legislature must nullify any service he might, under other circumstances, be able to render to the nation.

Yet we have to-day in the Cabinet an example of this scandalous indecency, a man who does not hesitate to embarrass the President, whom he affects to serve, by retaining an office which he is notoriously incompetent to fill, and in the administration of which he has laid himself open to the direct reprobation of Congress! It seems as if nothing short of death is capable of unloosing the close grip of Mr. Gideon Welles on the Department of the Navy, and, through it, on the Treasury. With a grim tenacity, only paralleled in fiction, he keeps his unrelenting hold. He once had a bureau in the same department, from which the then Secretary of the Navy vainly endeavored to remove him, and was finally driven, in sheer despair, to ask Congress to abolish the bureau, in order to get rid of the barnacle that had fastened himself on it! We fear the President will be driven to some equally radical expedient. There is a class of officeholders "who will not resign, and never die." Mr. Welles is an epitome of the class.

We have only to regret that, in censuring the conduct of Mr. Wellesin administering the Navy Department, Congress was not more explicit. We regret that his name was not plainly given, while his acts were condemned. It was a false delicacy towards what we suppose would be called "a member of the Government." We recognize the courtesy which restrains Legislative bodies from personalities, as far as possible, in dealing with the Executive branch of the sened. We are informed that the commercial interest of the

stroyed two trestle bridges on the Memphis and Charleston Railway. Lieut. Gwin, of the gunboat Taylor, reports to hints, kicks are admissible. In censuring "the practice of employing irresponsible persons, having no connection with the Government, in the performance of public duties which may be performed by regular officers of the Government," we understand Congress to mean to censure Mr. Welles for taking the purchase of ships and steamers for the Navy out of the hands of the officers of the Navy at this port, who may be supposed to know something about ships, and giving it to his brother-in-law, Mr. George D. Morgan, a grocer, and whom, it is not unnatural to suppose, knew very little about ships—except, perhaps, in virtue of being a brother-in-law of a Secretary of the Navy! But why, in censuring the practice, did not Congress specify the person guilty of it? Again, in censuring the practice of purchasing supplies for the Government by "private contract, instead of open and fair competition" as "injurious to the public service," and "as meeting the unqualified disapprobation of Congress," why did not the House of Representatives state that this also was one of the practices of the Secretary of the Navy?

It may be said that the delinquency of Mr. Welles in these respects is so notorious that it was needless to be more specific. With any other man of ordinary susceptibility to censure, and with enough self-respect to resign a position in which he has made himself obnoxious, we might see the propriety of exercising some degree of delicacy. But we shall not shake off this "old man of the sea" by any gentle vibrations; Congress will not drive out Mr. Welles except by proving "what virtue there is in stones!

The resolution of censure to which we refer was as follows. and was adopted by a vote of 79 to 45:

Resolved. That the practice of employing irresponsible parties, having no official connection with the Government, in the performance of public duties which may be properly performed by regular officers of the Government, and of purchasing by private contract supplies for the different Departments, where open and fair competition might be properly invited by reasonable advertisements for proposals, is figurious to the public service, and meets the unqualified disapprobation of this House.

Florida-What Should be Done with it.

ALTHOUGH Florida was earlier settled than any other part of our country, first by French, then Spaniards, then English, then Spaniards again, and finally by Americans, yet, owing to the poverty of the soil and many vicissitudes, it still remains almost uninhabited, the State not numbering within its limits of both whites and blacks over 140,000 souls. Even at the time of its admission into the Union it did not possess the requisite inhabitants; nevertheless, as Iowa was applying to become a State, Florida was allowed to pass into the Confederacy without challenge, in order to enable the South to present an equal array of votes in the Scnate with the North. This poise became afterwards inevitably lost, by reason of the failure of more slave territory to afford the compensating balance to new free States; on which account, and for other alleged reasons, and very many pretexts, the inhabitants of Florida have thought fit to conspire against the rights and common liberties of the Union.

The form of State Government for the peninsula, when it shall have become reannexed, appears to be no longer needed for any public purpose, if not improper from the very poverty and weakness of that country. It is hardly worth while, in the state of things that exists, to inquire what were or would have been the rights of Florida under other circumstances. We know that the territory was purchased of its rightful owner by the honest money of the people, and was subsequently saved from being utterly overrun by savages at the expense of the blood and treasure of the common country; that when a State herself she separated from the Union, by a formal declaration, made by her citizens, in Convention, and for full one year has maintained supremacy over nearly every part of her territory, exercising attributes of sovereignty, such, for instance, as levying war against the Constitutional Government, confederating with other States in rebellion, the Governor lately refusing to send troops, when called upon to do so by the President of their "Confederation," and, if we may credit a message from the same Governor, seizing Spanish fishing-vessels found within the Bay of Tampa. Thus, that Florida did secede from the States of the Union, or, better in her case, successfully rebelled, is as evident to the mind as that she has revolted. That she cannot do so, that no State can do so-retire from the Confederacy-is the theory of American Government. When those people who now occupy the soil of Florida shall have been subdued and the territory restored to the entire people of the United States, its rightful purchasers, it will be wise to withdraw that sparsely settled country entirely from under their rule for many reasons (among which are those of commercial interest and national safety), and leave it for a long time to come a dependency of these United States. In observing its helpless weakness, we shall see it also incapable, from mere poverty, of any longer supporting its own Government.

On the day of the passage of the ordinance of Secession Florida had \$4 45 in its treasury, the State in debt, and, as it has ever been, without credit. The only available means within reach of the conspirators was an amount, \$40,000. belonging to the school fund, which, without scruple, was directly appropriated. Since that time the Government has gone in debt-over \$11,000,000 in scrip, that pretends to pledge for its redemption the proceeds of Federal lands when they shall be sold. Not one dollar of the money seized can ever be got back, nor any part of those obligations cancelled. That it is even beyond the range of possibility, we shall presently discover.

The annual expense of the State Government, administered at all times, necessarily with economy, has been \$100,000, and any taxation to yield a revenue much beyond this amount, experience has shown, could not be collected. With the close of the war the population of 70,000 white inhabitants will have become impoverished, and probably diminished, and the equal number of blacks who work on the soil at the same time will doubtless have become lesSt. Johns, which, at the beginning of the war, was year'y equal to \$500,000, has, within the past few weeks, been nearly destroyed. Of the many sawmills that were on that river but a single one remains; stores and dwellings have been burned at Jacksonville; and it is supposed that the settlements on its banks will, in like manner, disappear. Within the last twelvemonth no taxes have been raised; the indigence of the inhabitants rendered the attempt useless. Want of the necessaries of life exists, and before another crop can be gathered there is a prospect of real famine. The common comforts of life have long been unknown. Were peace restored to Florida to-morrow not half of the sum necessary for the support of its government could be be raised, nor yet for many years to come. It has never been out of debt since its becoming a State, is wholly without credit to raise even a small sum, and indeed it may be said never to have had any, except for a time in Europe, when disposing of bonds issued by the Legislature for the benefit of banks, out of the values of which the purchasers were swindled. There is but one only way to treat the peninsula politically, which is, to reduce it to the condition of a territory, from which it came, and extend over it mili tary authority, until a time shall come when Congress may see fit to establish for it a Government at once economical and strong.

The Capture of New Orleans-Its Effects.

The capture of New Orleans has told with great and ominous effect on the rebel mind. Defeats like those at Mill Spring, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Roanoke, Newberne and Pittsburg Landing may be explained away, depreciated and "huggermuggered;" but such patent disas ters as the captures of Forts Clinch, Pulaski and Macon, and such terrible blows as that of the capture of the greatest, richest and most populous city of Rebeldom, cannot be weakened in their effect by any possible amount of mendacity, by disguise or misrepresentation. It may be claimed that "strategic considerations" required the evacuation of Columbus, Bowling Green and Manassas; and that the capture of Island No. 10, and of San Augustine, were things anticlpated and of no importance. But when the commercial capitol of the "Confederacy" is surrendered, which was said to have been defended by scores of batteries, hundreds of guns, and tens of thousands of deflant soldiers-and when the strongest forts of the South, not open earthworks, but elaborate and casemated defences, are shivered to atoms before the National arms-then it is that the impotence, the unfounded pretension and limitless gasconade of the rebel leaders become manifest, clear as noonday to the dullest intelligence, and of deep despondency to the rebel heart. It is curious and instructive to notice the various modes in which the rebel editors are affected by these results. Some are indignant and sullen, others despondent, a few deliriously gay, but most sad and full of terrible forebodings. Some seem to have believed the ridiculous stories about the "impregnable defences" of New Orleans, the "miles on miles of batteries," the multitudinous "iron-cased gunboats," those absurd flams invented by rebel ingenuity, like the painted forts of the Chinese, to deceive the "Federals," and inspire confidence in the sinking souls of weakened rebels. The chagrin of this last class, among which we number the oditor of the Norfolk Day Book, is profound and corroding, and he relieves the pent-up agonies of his soul as follows:

he relieves the pent-up agonies of his soul as follows:

"The telegraph tells, this morning, the most deplorable tale ever heard in America, or, we believe, in the whole world. Two contemptible little steamers have come up to the great city of New Orleans—inhabited by a population of 200,000 souls, defended by miles upon miles of columbiads and rified cannou, possessing six floating batteries of immense power, and containing within her bosom sot less than 30,000 disciplined troops—and have commanded the authorities to haul down the Confederate fing! As we write there had been no intelligence of its being hauled down, but we are prepared to expoet the worst.

"Salling through miles of the heaviest artillery, it does not appear that so much as a single shot was fired at these two little steamers. On the contrary, everything seems to have been prepared beforchand for their quiet reception. The troops were immediately withdrawn leafthey might feel disposed to demur, all the defences on the lake werb dismantled, the guns were thrown down without being injured, the steamboats, that could have gotten up steam in an hour and been off, were burned, and the defenders were drawn of to a distant point.

"Never since the world began was there such a transaction—so dark, so mysterious, so altogether unaccountable.

"The telegraph, thus far, gives a very confused account of this most mysterious and most deplorable affair. Terrible suspicions are affoat, but we hold it best not to give voice to them until something more definite shall have reached us."

The Memphis Avalanche "owns up" to the lies by which

The Memphis Avalanche "owns up" to the lies by which it was hoped the National forces would be deterred from attacking New Orleans, and acknowledges, or rather insists, that it was inadequately defended. It says, of the surrender, and referring to Gen. Lovell:

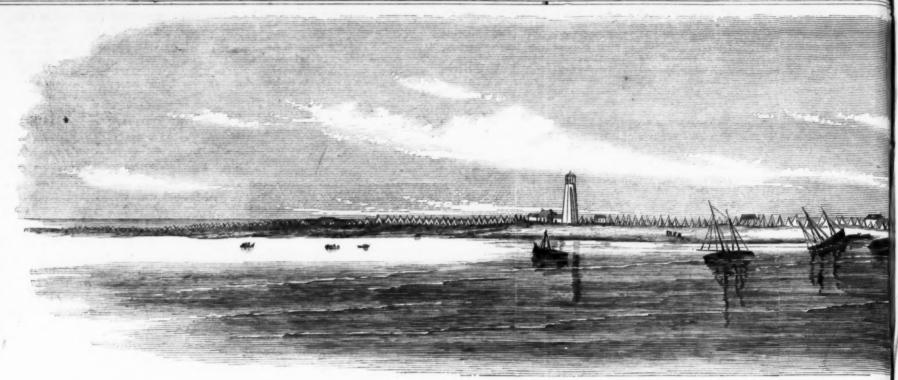
"The responsibility—and an awful one it is—was incurred, not by the evacuation of New Orleans, but by the Government, in leaving the river so that the enemy's fleet could pass the batteries so as to assail the town. This is an instructive and costly lesson, and comes as a most unhappy illustration of the truth of our frequent predictions of losses on the coast. We can only defend our navigable streams and harbors by obstructions."

Apropos of this we are tempted to ask, where was "Hollins's ram?" Where the "forty iron-clad steamers," of which the Avalanche was wont to boast? And echo answer cisely where the 'formidable defences of Manassas were,' and where the 'impregnable fortifications' of Yorktown are -in the fervid imagination of foolish rebel and the fears of incompetent National leaders, and nowhere else!

But it is hardly worth the while to quote the lugubrious requiems of the insurgent newspapers over the "Crescent City." We have it; and its possession, in the language of the London Times, "is a tourniquet tightened over the great artery of the seceded States." Or rather, it is the cord drawn close around the throat of the Rebellion?

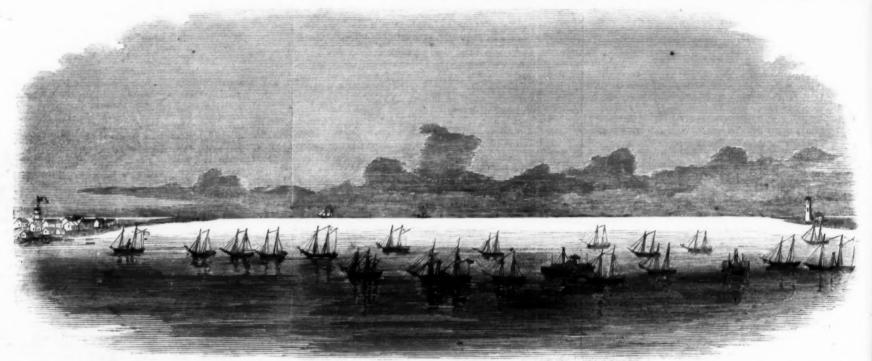
WE have received Frank LESLIE'S MAGAZINE for May. We have often mentioned the claims of this publication on the reading community. Its literature is of a high order, and it offers a vivacity and variety, combined with a larger amount of soil i instruction, than any periodical of the present dup presents. The tales, novelettes and romaness are of the most brilliant and exciting character, and well adapted to please the reader. An additional attraction to the Magazine is its pictorial department, excelled by no periodical published. A Gazette of Fashion appears with each number, and vastly enhances its usefulness. Terms, \$3 per annum.—Mining Record, Pottsville, Pa.

(For remainder of Editorials, &c., see page 50.)

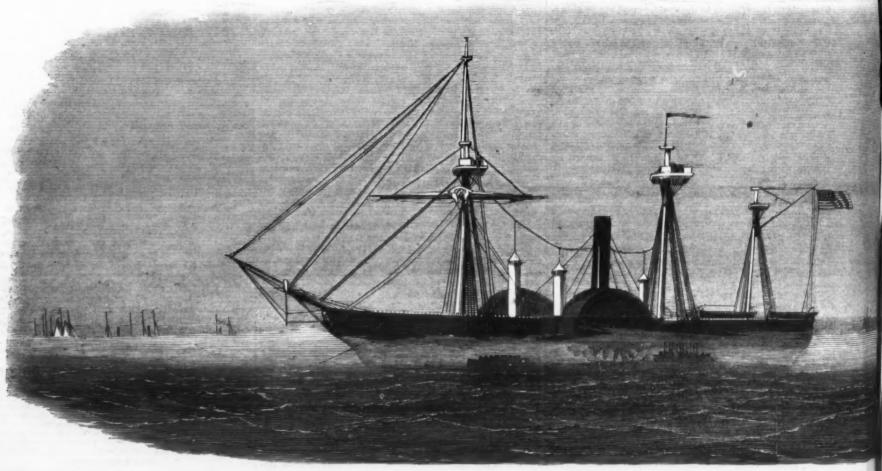


Wreck of the Dart.

JEXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS-VIEW OF SHIP ISLAND FROM THE



Pilot Town. Kennebec, Harriet Laue. Jackson. Westfield. S. W. Pass Lighthouse expedition against new orleans—com. Porter's mortar flotilla off pilot town, s. w. pass of mississippi river, march 26. —from a sketch by our special artist, mb. wm. waud.



Mississippi.

EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS—SCENE AT THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER-THE HIM

E'S

OM THE



Yorktown. Gloucester Point. THE WAR IN TIRGINIA-VIEW OF YORK RIVER, YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER POINT.—TAKEN FROM FANENHATE'S HOUSE, WATERVIEW, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

Shiloh Chapel, Sunday Morning.

THE name of Shiloh Chapel having become quite noted as one of the landmarks in the great battle, I enclose a sketch of it and the attack on Gen. Sherman's division, encamped at that point, which I had laid aside unfinished, finding my time too much occupied with more exciting scenes.

time too much occupied with more exciting scenes.

Gen. Sherman's division consisted of three brigades, commanded by Col. Hildebrand, Buckland and McDowell.
Hildebrand's brigade, consisting of the 53d, 57th and 77th regiment Ohio Volunteers, formed the left wing, at a slight angle with the other division, and had to sustain the first attack. As the General strongly objects to the term "surprised," I will say that they were astonished, indeed excessively astonished, when the rebels suddenly came down upon them, and being new regiments they did not fight like veterans. The 53d regiment fired two volleys (some say one) and ran indiscriminately. The 57th held out for about half an



EFFECT OF A SHOT AT PITISBURG LANDING.

hour, and followed the 53d, but part of the 77th stood their ground and supported Taylor's battery, which occupied a small ridge to the right of Shiloh, and fired with rapidity and precision. Buckland's and McDowell's divisions remained firm, holding their positions on the right of Taylor's battery for several hours.

battery for several hours.

The flight of the Ohlo regiments left Waterhouse's battery, which was planted on a hill to the left of Shiloh Chapel, unprotected, but the 43d and 49th Illinois regiments came to his aid, and supported it until Col. Wreish, of the 48d, was killed, when they fell back in tolerable order. The rebels now charged and took Waterhouse's battery, thus flanking Gen. Sherman, who fell back to the Purdy road in good order. Here the sudden death of Capt. Behr, who was getting his battery in position on the left wing of the new line, created a panic in his company, which broke and left five guns. Not being supported by any other division Gen. Sher-

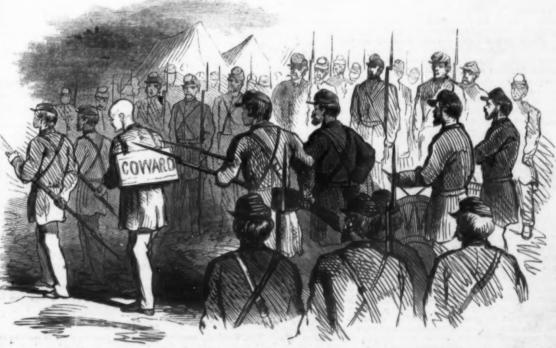


Incidents of wae, no. $1-^{ii}$ recapturing onesely"—capt. Frazer, of the 21st massachusetts, tunning the tables upon his rebel captors, whom he takes into camp as his prisoners.

man was forced back to the right of McClernand, where he again formed and shared the fortunes of the day, distinguishing himself greatly by his personal bravery and military

The Hight on the Right Wing—Gen. Lewis Wallace was stationed Crump's Levilium a very important point between here and

Crump's Landing, a very important point between here an



BUBNSIDE EXPEDITION—INCIDENTS OF WAR, NO. 2- Scene at newberne—"Drumming a coward out of camp."

Savannah. When the firing was heard on Sunday morning, Gen. Lewis Wallace got his command immediately in readiness for defence or march. Maj.-Gen. Grant passed up at half-past seven o'clock, and gave instructions to be ready half-past seven o'clock, and gave instructions to be ready and await orders from Pittsburg. All was ready then, but orders for an advance did not arrive until 11.30 A.M., when he was directed to move to the right of our line. He started at 12 o'clock by a direct road to that point, and had nearly reached it. when he was overtaken by an aid of the commanding General, with the information that the whole line had been Ing General, with the information that the whole line had been forced back to the river, and that he would certainly fall into the hands of the enemy if he proceeded. This of course made a change of route necessary, and he had to countermarch to reach the river road, and thus delayed his junction with Grant's forces until nightfall. On Monday morning his guns opened the fight at daybreak, and he advanced steadily, forcing the enemy back. The heaviest fight occurred on the right of the Purdy road at about 2 o'clock p. M., where the reliefs made their last desturrate registance. But where the rebels made their last desperate resistance. But they had to give way, and made no determined resistance until they were driven beyond Gen. Sherman's encampment and commenced a rapid retreat at about four o'clock. The list of killed and wounded in Gen. Wallace's division is considerably smaller than that of any other, which, in connection with the fact that he fought harder and advanced farther than the others, proves a superiority in his mode of fighting. The sketch I send will fully illustrate his manner of attack. Taking advantage of the ridges, he keeps his main force well sheltered, while his skirmishers advance, crawling close up to the enemy and picking off his artillerists, while the bat-teries, from some vantage ground in the rear, keep up a heavy fire. The forces gradually crawl to the top of the ridge and open fire upon the enemy; as soon as he begins to

waver a charge is made and a new position gained.

Gen. Wallace's division is working splendidly. The fame of the 11th Indiana and 8th Missouri regiments awakens a similar esprit de corps in the newer regiments constituting the division, and their superiority is gaining them renown and confidence throughout the whole army.

> ----[Written for Frank Loslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

THE MALF-SISTERS.

A Story of Metropolitan Life.

TIME, the great chess player, went on with his game, and a month went by. Let us see what it brought to those of whom this history discourses. Old John was buried; it was too late for the violets to bloom upon his grave this year, but the mound was covered with green turf, and gentle hands laid lilies upon it which spent their dying odors, withered, and turned yellow in a little while. There was no stone at its head yet, but in the marble yard whither I went once to see it, there was a white slab, upon which the name was n-scribed and a cross only half finished, and the sculptor sung blithely as he plied his chisel, and a little way off a young child sat upon the ground playing with chips of marble.

Mrs. Kedge and Nellie were now inmates of the doctor's great lonely house in Garden Place. He was a widower, with one child, a daughter of about 14, who was an inmate of Madame de Brissac's The household had formerly comprised the doctor, the small boy addicted to fits, a stout old housekeeper with German silver small boy addicted to his, a stout out notiseeper with German siver spectacles, which she always wore upon her forehead, two maid-servants, and at occasional intervals the daughter, who was called Lily, and who was the apple of that respectable practitioner's eye. But the symmetry of this domestic arrangement threatened to be invaded. The housekeeper's son, who was a sengoing person, about five feet high by four broad, whose face seemed to have been carved from copper, and whose garments seemed to have been made from wood, had come home, bringing with him a little thin spider of a wife whom he had picked up at Martinique, married off-hand, and brought home to be nursed and cared for. He was a thrifty, well-to-do tar; had bought a box of a house somewhere by the seaside, and the wish of his heart was to have his mother and wife beneath his own roof. Affairs assuming this condition about the time of Nellie's bereavement, the doctor concluded to offer Mrs. Kedge the vacant housekeeper's place and take the young girl under his guardianship. This arrangement involved certain difficulties with Mr. Kedge, the taxidermist, a little stooping man, with a head as bald as an egg, and a single tuft of white heir upon his chin, who called upon the doctor one morning at daylight and threatened legal proceedings; what for, no one could ever ascertain. He had to be established in a respectable fancy dog business in the vicinity of Garden Place before he would consent to his wife's assumption of the housekeeper's keys. He sold out the business of taxidermy, in which he had, on an average, stuffed one wren a month, and took up the trade in dogs with juvenile hilarity. His assortment was so choice and ample, that the neighbors were continually lodging complaints of his premises at the police station. Chiswick established a book account immediately, and bespoke bulldogs and terriers right and left, while the same were yet in embryo. The doctor's household had resumed its accustomed regularity and quiet; a sweet, sad face lighted it up now, and a strong red arm

polished it up till you could see your face in everything.

Miss Volte had gone. In explanation of her sudden departure she had informed madame that she had received a letter from a near relative living in one of the Western cities, who was at the point of death. Madame was notified of her intention to depart at three in the afternoon. At six she was upon the train and away. I had no intimation of her departure till two days after the event, when the doctor handed me a letter superscribed with my name; it was inclosed in one addressed to him, the contents of which he told me I could not know for the present. This was the letter:

"You have been kind to me, and you are the only human being whom I leave with regret. I shall never return. Let all that has passed between us be as if it had perished from your memory. Beyond this I have only a single request to make, and I entreat you by the love you bear your sister (if you have one), by the memory of your mother, if you have not, to grant it. Take care of the little girl. Let her never need a protector while you live. Adden.

"CYRILL VOLTE"

Now, although her sudden disappearance disturbed me, I did not, on consideration, regret it. It was better I thought that she should go forth, like Hagar, into the great desert of the world alone. woes, whatever they were, were beyond solacement, her burden that which could not be shared or lightened. Perhaps, I thought, among new scenes and surroundings, her heart may wander somewhet from its pain. It was better for the young girl whose life was peaceful now after her great suffering, and I could not but feel that it was better for the young girls at Madama de Brissae's school. Seein my heart I wished her God speed, and read without regret her assurance that she should never return.

Mr. Wynne had gone, by the doctor's advice, to the seaside, and the blear old house was shut and barricaded anew. On Wednesday and Saturdays the doctor went down to visit him professionally. He lived in a little cottage with white palings before the yard and a walk of shells running up to the porch, which was likewise spangled with

a fantastic arabesque of shells, white and pink and green and opalescent, so that in the sunshine it made a very brilliant display. He lived alone with his Italian servant, a villainous-looking creature, with dark eyes too near together, a long moustache and dead black hair, and his nurse, the old lady with the prim eap, whom I had seen in the oid mansion. His health was not improved, nor had the symptoms which predicted in anity abated. His imbecile caprices ecome more and more grotesque and childish each day. He ordered boat from the city, although there were plenty to be had all along the beach; when it came down he had abandoned the theory of boating, and the craft was left upside down in front of the cottage till the sunshine opened all its seams and streaked it with rivulets of tar. Then it seemed to him that, as he had to be lifted from his chair and could stand alone only with great effort, a little sparring exer-cise would be good for him. So a pugilist was ordered, and the thing ame down by the next boat, a bullet-headed, bull-necked desperado with small, villainous eyes, a flattened nose, a plaster upon his temple, and legs that curved outward like a parenthesis. He was brought into the presence by the Italian, and Mr. Wynne had quite forgotten the circumstance of ordering him. "What's that thing?" he said; "take it away." So the thing was taken away and paid, after which the blighted pugilist retired to the nearest tavern, squared off at the bar, and was knocked out of time on the thirteenth round of gin and water, having conducted himself most gamely throughout,

Things had gone but badly with Tom. He was a master of the olite art of always being behindhand. He was generally late at his desk in the morning, and his occupations during the day were diversified by furtive dissertations of an inventive character. He had abandoned the dumb-waiter long ago, and had since then been successively interested in vitalizing his conception of a windmill, a calculating machine, a mouse-trap and a patent washing fluid, a bottle of assured cleanliness to a small family for six months. experiments with the latter were unfortunate; the baby's bib, upon which it was tried, was burned full of round yellow holes, and was done for completely. Tom admitted the failure, but insisted that the principle was right. The combinations were not quite the thing, that was all. Meantime the establishment was the poorer by one bib and the price of the acids employed in destroying it.

They were poor, and were growing poorer each day, and the consciousness of it rested upon Ellice's brow like a cloud. There were duns without number; trivial and pattry in themselves, but as humiliating and wearying as if they had been greater. "I am afraid," said the young wife to me one evening while we sat at the tea-table waiting for her husband, "that Tom is going on badly. I wish you ould talk to him."

He came in shortly after with his old joyous air. His good spirits never deserted him; indeed, I think that care or annoyance only made him the more hilarious. After he had kissed his wife and assaulted me for not keeping an appointment which we had made to call upon a patriotic Prussian refugee who lived somewhere near the East river, and who had discovered some new and highly important wrinkle in photography—an art in which Tom was deeply interested—he sat down and began making faces at the baby.

After the tea was over, Tom came up, as usual, into my room to moke. Mindful of his 1 ttle wife's request, I opened the ball moke.

"Well, Tom, how are you getting on?"

He took his pipe from his mouth and leaned from the window. "Badly. How came yo to ask?"

"There, don't put a long face on; I asked because I thought you were not going on as well as I wish you to."

"You had another reason as well, didn't you? Has Ellie been talking to you?"

"She told me she thought you had some care upon your mind which you kept from her; and, indeed I have thought so too. In fact, she asked me to speak to you ut it. Now, you have the whole thing. But I think, as a matter of riendship, you ought to

have told me of any trouble without fore g me to ask you."
"I don't know how it is, Lulu, but I don't seem to get on. I do a ood deal, you know, and work hard enough, but I don't get on. Other fellows without half my learning or half my talent go ahead, and I go behind somehow. I asked for a larger salary last week; and Benson said that they had concluded to dismiss several of the clerks. He went over a long rigmarole about it, the upshot of which was that the office didn't want me, but that I could stay month, if I chose, on half-pay-and then I suppos

"But haven't you told your wife of this?" "I couldn't do it, Lulu; I've tried a dozen times, and I couldn't."

"She must know it some time, though?"
"Yes, I suppose she must. Poor girl! I'd rather cut my hand off

than tell her: but I don't see how it's to be avoided."
"Have you no other prospect at all? Don't you think another

situation may be got before you leave your present one?"
"Well, Lulu, I've thought the matter over a good deal, and I've
about concluded that the Law isn't my forte. I shall never get on in

it-never in the world." "What else have you thought of?"

Tom had thought of many things. His dumb-waiter held out promising inducements—of the ultimate pecuniary returns from his mousetrap he felt confident. It was the mousetrap of the Future all the others were untrue in theory and unskillul in mechanism. They propled in facel of inviting the confidence of the confidence. They repelled instead of inviting the confidence of the mice which they were intended to bag. Then he had a tolerably clear idea of a patcht stove which should economize heat in such a remarkable degree as to comfortably warm a room during the winter without the fire being lighted. "Do you know," he said, "the tremendous quantity of latent heat in metal? take a rod of iron and hammer it and it grows red directly. Now, my idea is to evolve this latent heat without percussion, don't you see?" He had thought of a camp stool which should unite the conveniences of a writing-table, a sand wich case, a map of North America and a sketching casel, for which he felt confident there would be an immense demand. He had even gone so far as to draw up an advertisement headed, "No Home setting forth the general advantages to be derived from the use of the article. He had an idea of transmuting Russia tallow into cod-liver oil, of distilling orange peel into perfume of ravishing bouquet-and the process of unbosoming himself was like a Sheriff's sale of the effects of the Patent Office.

It wouldn't do. I saw it, and told him so. All his plans were fantastic and visionary in the last degree. Finally he told me that he had occasionally written for the weekly papers, and had in that way earned sometimes twice as much as his salary. He had written for the Weekly Highflyer, and Pontifex, who abused every body else on principle, had told him in confidence that his talents were of a superior order. "You lack my polish, and you haven't my grace of style, but then you haven't my experience, you know;"-and this

from Pontifex was promising.

Tom grew quite enthusiastic in dwelling upon his literary pros-He only wanted a start, and he felt certain of success. I was not so enguine, but it seemed to me to promise a temporary substitute for the capployment which he was about to lose. So I proposed that we go and so Postifer that evening and talk the matter over with him.

CHAPTER XX.

Mn. WYNNE's seashore retreat was just the place to madden one with its terrible monotony. There was the unbroken plash of the waves upon the beach, the blear expanse of treeless land stretching

away from the water side, the long line of hotels with staring white pillars and cupolas very much alike, and out-buildings modeled up-on a uniform pattern. There was a wearying sameness in the sunshine; precisely the same wind seemed always to be blowing; the weathercocks upon the top of the little fantastic pavilions which stood upon the edge of the bluff, turned their tails seaward in the morning and landward in the evening, with a punctual regularity that was agonizing. The sand wore always the same dry investiture of yellow; the white sails glimmering from the distant haze seemed always the same. They did not appear and disappear, but seemed to stand for ever fixed against the eternal and unchanging monotony of haze. The saunterers along the steps and along the porticoes of the hotels were shadows of each other. Precisely the same enforced leizure hung heavily upon the hands of each, and they all wore the same aspect of being bored to the verge of distraction. It was a good place for one to go who wished to ripen incipient lunacy into full-blown madness, and the medical attendant of Mr. Wynne had, I thought, taken the best means of shortening his sufferings by sending him there.

It was about two hours from the city by boat and rail, and on one of his visits the doctor invited me to accompany him. Nellie and his daughter were of the party, and we reached the place late in the forcnoon. The cars landed us about half a mile from the nearest hotel, and we were transferred to a curious vehicle which seemed to have begun life as a wheelbarrow and to gradually have grown into the proportions of a stage, very weak and ricketty at the joints, and capable of containing and making uncomfortable about a dozen persons. It was drawn by two decayed horses, in whom habit had fostered a propensity to squeal and stumble, which greatly entertained those who witnessed the performance from a distance, but seriously discomposed and humiliated the occupants of the stage. On the way to the hotel we met a hand carriage, a sort of perambulator, built of wickerwork, and propelled from behind by a dark, villainous person, whose eyes were too near together and whose eyelids and lashes were covered with dust; an investiture which they shared with the rest of his person. The occupant of the perambulator was Mr. Wynne, whose whim that day it was to have a cheerful run along the dustiest roads in the vicinity.

The doctor stopped the stage, got out, reversed the direction of his patient's carriage, walked beside it in the direction of the hotel, whither we arrived before him, and stood upon the porch waiting for

him to come up.

He appeared to have given peremptory directions to the Italian servant to take his master home, as the perambulator was driven in that direction, notwithstanding the gesticulations of its occupant, which, as I saw them from a distance, seemed to imply impatience

By the time we had changed dress the dinner was ready; and after we had eaten it we went down to walk upon the beach. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the summer airs which swept landward were soft and golden, and they seemed to murmur of the mysteries of the great blue ocean over which they had wandered, and which lapped the beach at our feet with soft, stealthy purr. The long yellow slope of sand was dotted here and there, as far as the eye could reach, with groups of people, some of whom sat and listened to the voices of the waters, while others strolled aimlessly along, the fresh wind tossing their hair and fluttering their garments. There were children with their hair and fluttering their garments. There were children with tiny shovels and little paddles made of wood, who built sand cities and pyramids, and dug shallow wells, the only truths at the bottom of which were the prints of little feet and the impress of shovels. A little further down the beach a group of tarry men were clustered about a lifeboat of curious construction. They were examining it with the eyes of experts, and wagging their tough old heads as if they were opposed to innovations, and rather preferred the good old table of best which would sink under sufficient represents to the style of boat, which would sink under sufficient provocation, to the new article, which would sink under no circumstances whatever. We stopped to listen to their critical discussions upon the boat, which, like some stranded marine monster, lay upon its side on the sand.

The talk of the tarry men eddied a good deal in the direction of wrecks and wrecking. It was their trade. They had faced death many and many a time in the endeavor to rescue the crews of ships cast away along shore, and everything pertaining to their craft they regarded with the deepest interest. The boat was turned over and over, and examined in all its details with as critical eyes as if they had been jockeys examining a new article of horse.

The lifeboat set me thinking of the treachery of the gray old

ocean, which was now purring softly upon the beach, patting the sloping sand with a caress so gentle that, but for its stealth, it would have been almost womanly. Bah! the treachery of the hoary, ravenous monster—only a few hours thereafter it smote the bluff with sounding hands, and flung its angry spray afar inland, drench-ing the grass and hanging in resaries and beads from the caves of all the long row of pavilions.

"Are there many wrecks along shore here?" said the doctor, addressing the shortest, broadest and oldest of the marine experts who clustered about the boat.

"Ay, sir," responded the person addressed, tilting his hat back-ward, thrusting his hands in his vest and leaning against the boat; "a good number, as times go. There might be a worse bit of coast than this in a nor east gale somewhere in the world, but I never heard on

The others assented, nodding their gruff old heads like mandarins.

"How many in a season, on an average?" said the doctor.
"One, sometimes—sometimes a dozen. I've seen myself three ships stranded along-shore of a single night, and bodies washing up on the beach for a week after. We do our best, you see, sir, but we can't fight an enemy like that (he pointed seaward with his swarthy forefinger) and always win the battle. "Taint in reason."

"Indeed, no. Your occupation is full of peril and uncertainty How long have you been here?"

"Man and boy, sir, for five-and-forty year."

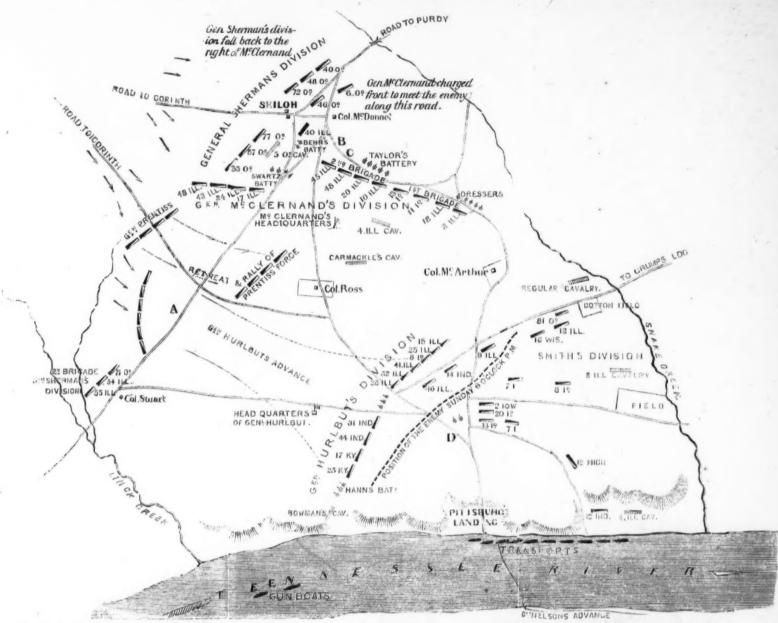
"And in that time how many lives have been lost upon the beach as near as you can estimate?'

The old man drew his hand thoughtfully over his face two or three times, and replied, "Well, sir, it wouldn't be easy to tell. You've seen the little church over yonder—that's its steeple just t' the left of the lighthouse-well, sir, I make no doubt that nigh onto a thousand has been buried thereabouts since I've been a wrecker off-shore here; I've seen 'em buried in heaps-men, women and children together! He went on to tell of emigrant ships tossed on the shore, and of the long, low cry of the wrecked as the keel grated in the sand, and the wild waves broke over the decks, and the two young girls clung to each other and shuddered in fright.

There had been no casualties during that season, the men said, as they wagged their rough old heads and looked seaward, as if they expected a series of wrecks to glide out of the golden calm of the afternoon, and fling themselves upon the beach, by way of breaking the dreary monotony of an idle season. The sun was sloping toward the horizon, and as it fell through the haze it took on an ominous hue of purple, deepening slowly as it sunk.

(To be continued.)

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popula preacher, one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows au orphans, but never says saything about widowers." The other, an in veterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for thim."



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING -MAP SHOWING THE ROADS AND POSITION OF THE CAMPS BEFORE AND DURING THE BATTLE. -DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ABTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.

WAR NEWS.

The Rebels in New Mexico.

By way of Kansas City we have intelligence to the 12th inst. Col. Slough and Gen. Canby formed a junction at Galesto on the 1th. Maj. Duncan, who was in command of Gen. Canby s advance guard, encountered a large party of Texans, and routed them. Major Duncan was slightly wounded. The Texans were 30 miles south of Galesto, in full flight from the Territory. No doubt is entertained of the capture of the robel Sibley's command, as they are entirely destitute.

Honors to Gen. Sherman.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI, PITTSBURG, Tenn., April 13.

Hon, E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War :

Sir.—It is the unanimous opinion here that Brig. Gen. W. T. Sherman saved the fortune of the day on the 6th, and contributed largely to the glorious victory of the 7th. He was in the thickest of the fight on both days, having three horses killed under him, and being wounded twice. I respectfully request that he be made a Major-General of Volunteers, to date from the 6th inst.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK, Maj.-Gen. Comd'g.

Defeat of the Indians at Neosho.

MAJ. GEN. HALLECK telegraphs to the Secretary of War, from Pittaburg Landing, April 30, as follows:
"Reliable information has been received that Major Hubbard, of the 1st Missouri Volunteers, on the 20th, with 146 men, defeated Cols. Coffee and Stearnweight and 600 hundred Indians at Neosho, Mo., killing and wounding 32, and espturing 62 prisoners, 76 horses, and a large quantity of arms."

The Fight at Elizabeth City.

WE last week received news through rebel sources of a sight at Elizabeth City (Va.), on the 18th of April, in which the rebels affirmed that, after killing "500 Federals," they "retired" à la Beauregard. We have now the truth of the affair. Gen, Reno was sent by Gen. Burnside on the 17th of April, with five regiments and four pieces of artillery, as previously stated, to Elizabeth City, thence to move in the direction of Norfolk. The special correspondent of the Tribune sives the following particulars: the direction of Norfolk. The special correspondent of the Tribune gives the following particulars:

General Reno landed at Elizabeth City and sent Col. Hawkins by a

circuitous route to get in front of the enemy, and followed with a part of the remaining force. After marching twenty miles the enemy was found intrenched, with batteries in position on the edge of a wood, which commanded the approaches over the open field. Col. Howard, of the Marine Artillery, in advance, fired upon the enemy, and our pieces were put in position for a three hours' artillery duel. Col. Howard, of the Marine Artillery, in advance, fired upon the enemy, and our pieces were put in position for a three hours' artillery duel. Col. Hawkins's force got astray, and found themselves four miles in Gen. Reno's rear. Gen. Reno sent regiments to the right and left to outflank the enemy, the novement being finely executed, and there was a prospect of bagging the whole robel forcs. When Col. Hawkins came up Gen. Reno ordered him to the right, but, coming into the open field, he charged on the enemy with the bayonet, appeared in the clearing, and received the fire of both batteries and all the rebel infantry. Col. Hawkins was wounded in the arm, and Adjutant Gladsden killed. A charge was then made by the other regiments on both flanks of the enemy, who was put to rout, and retreated to the canal looks, and thence to Norfolk. Gen. Reno pronounces this one of the most brilliant affairs he ever saw. Our loss in commissioned officers—killed, two; wounded, 32. Privates—killed, six; wounded, 40.

"Gen. Buruside positively ordered Gen. Reno not to advance any further toward Norfolk, the object being to feel the strength of the cenemy in the rear; so, after remaining six hours on the field of battle, he returned to Elizai eth City. Having not enough wagons, and the men being exhausted by a severe march, seventeen of our wounded were left on the field in charge of a surgeon with a flag of true. These have since strived at Fortress Monroe.

Capture of the Rebel Steamer Florida.

Capture of the Rebel Steamer Florida.

Early 'n April information came to the National fact that the rebel steamer Florida was up the Apalachicola river, ready to sail out the next day. The captain of the sailing bark Pursuit was dispatched to capture her, and went by night a little distance up the river. All was still and dark. There were no l ghts on the shore, and the rebels, if around, were too fast asleep to hear the casting-off snehor of the sloop and the embarking of her erew in small boats. With muffied oars they proceeded swiftly up the stream, until, after running some two miles, they came in sight of the town of Apalachicola, and the dark black hull of the steamers near the wharf. Everything was quiet. Swiftly and surely, and so still that they could hear the night insects chirruping on the shore, the Union sailors in their little boats neared the steamer. A minute more and they were on deck. The vessel, in its fancied security, was almost descrited, though laden with cotton and expecting to run the blockade in a day or two. Only the engineers were on board, and they were asleep till waked up by our men. Deeming it best to make the most of the new state of affairs, these gallant engineers consented.

for a consideration of \$200, to sail the steamer out to the Federal fieet. She arrived out in safety with the Pursuit, and was sent to Key West as a Federal prize.

Capture of the Rebel Steamer Ella Warley.

Capture of the Rebel Steamer Ella Warley.

The following dispatch is from Com. Dupont, dated Port Royal, April 28, 1892, directed to the Secretary of the Navy:

"I have just time this morning, before the departure of the Susquehanna, to inform the Department of the arrival here of the rebel steamer Isabel (Ella Warley), in charge of Lieut, Gibson and a prize crew, she having been expurred by the Santingo de Cuba, Commander Ridgely, 100 miles north of Abaco. She is deeply loaded with Enfield rifles, and has, it is supposed, rifled cannon in her forehold, which has not yet been examined. These arms were taken on board, of course, at one of the neutral colonies of our coast.

"I am informed by Lieut, Gibson, that the Santiago de Cuba discovered and chased the Nashville, but the latter was much too swift for her. The Nashville also had arms on board for the rebels, intending to run the blo kade, if possible.

"Yery respectfully, your obedient servant, S. F. DUPONT."

The Loss at Pittsburg Landing.

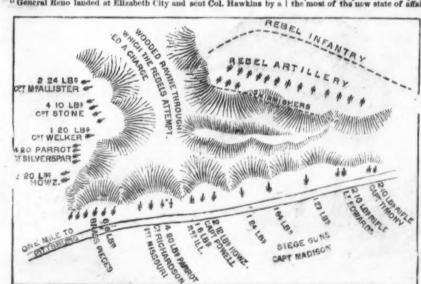
THE official reports of the battle of Pittsburg Landing

Sine the Manional loss as-				
	Killed.			Missing.
McClernand's				
W. H. L. Wallace's	228	***** *****	1,083	. 1,163
Lew. Wallace's				
Hurlbut's	313	****** *****	1,449	. 225
Sherman's	487		1,402	. 482
Prentiss's	196		562	
Crittenden's	80		410	
Nelson's	93	**********	612	
McCook's	94	*********	800	. 4
	-		- Carlot	
Total	1,735		7,882	5,044

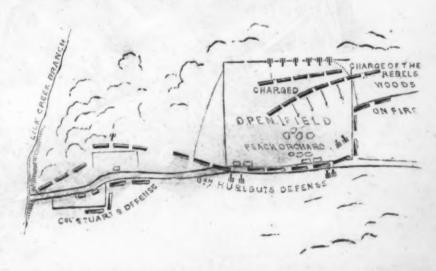
The total killed, wounded and missing is 13,661. About 300 of the wounded have since died.

The National burisl parties report between 2,500 and 3,600 retels found dead upon the field.

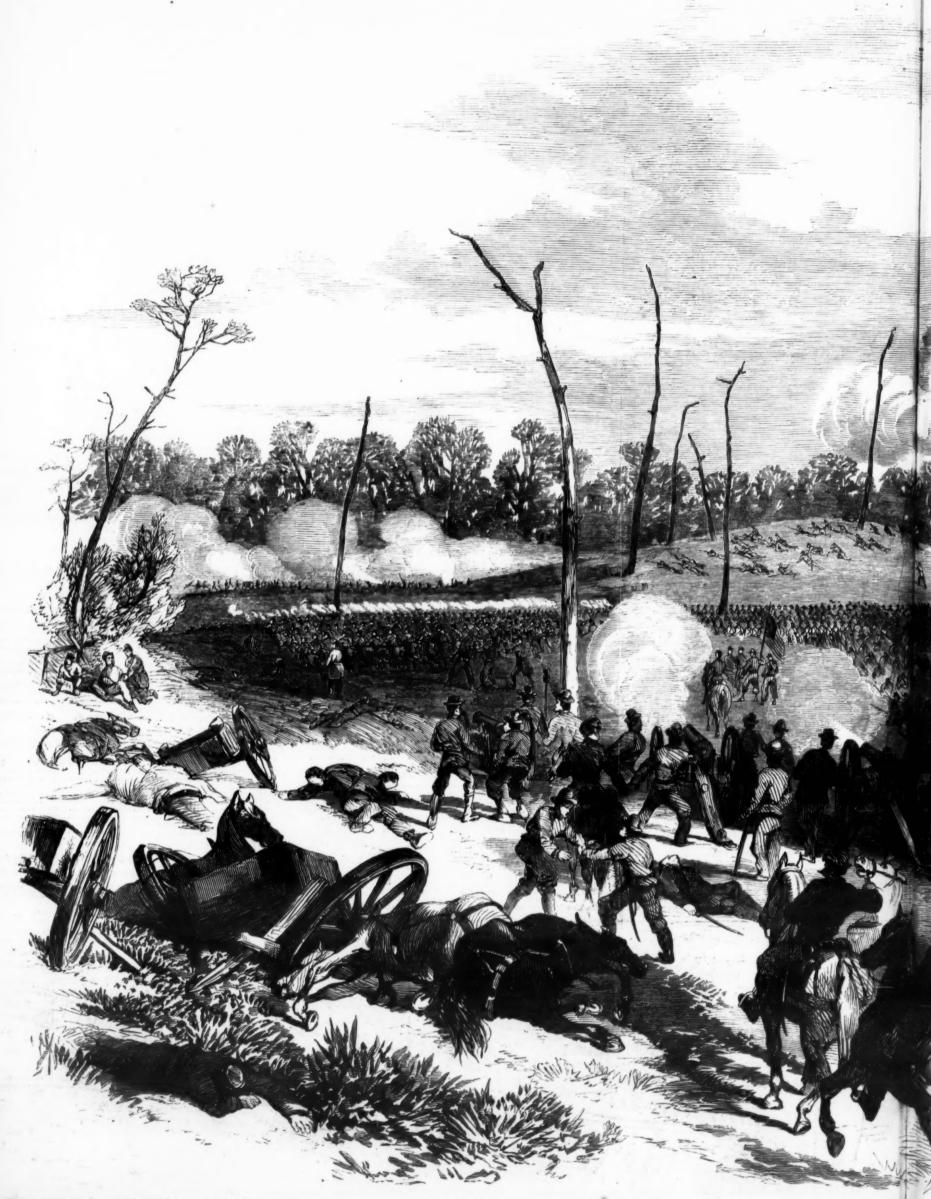
Beauregard lost not less than 20,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners, and the sick, "used-up" and panic-stricken during his movement from Corinth upon Pittsburg Landing.



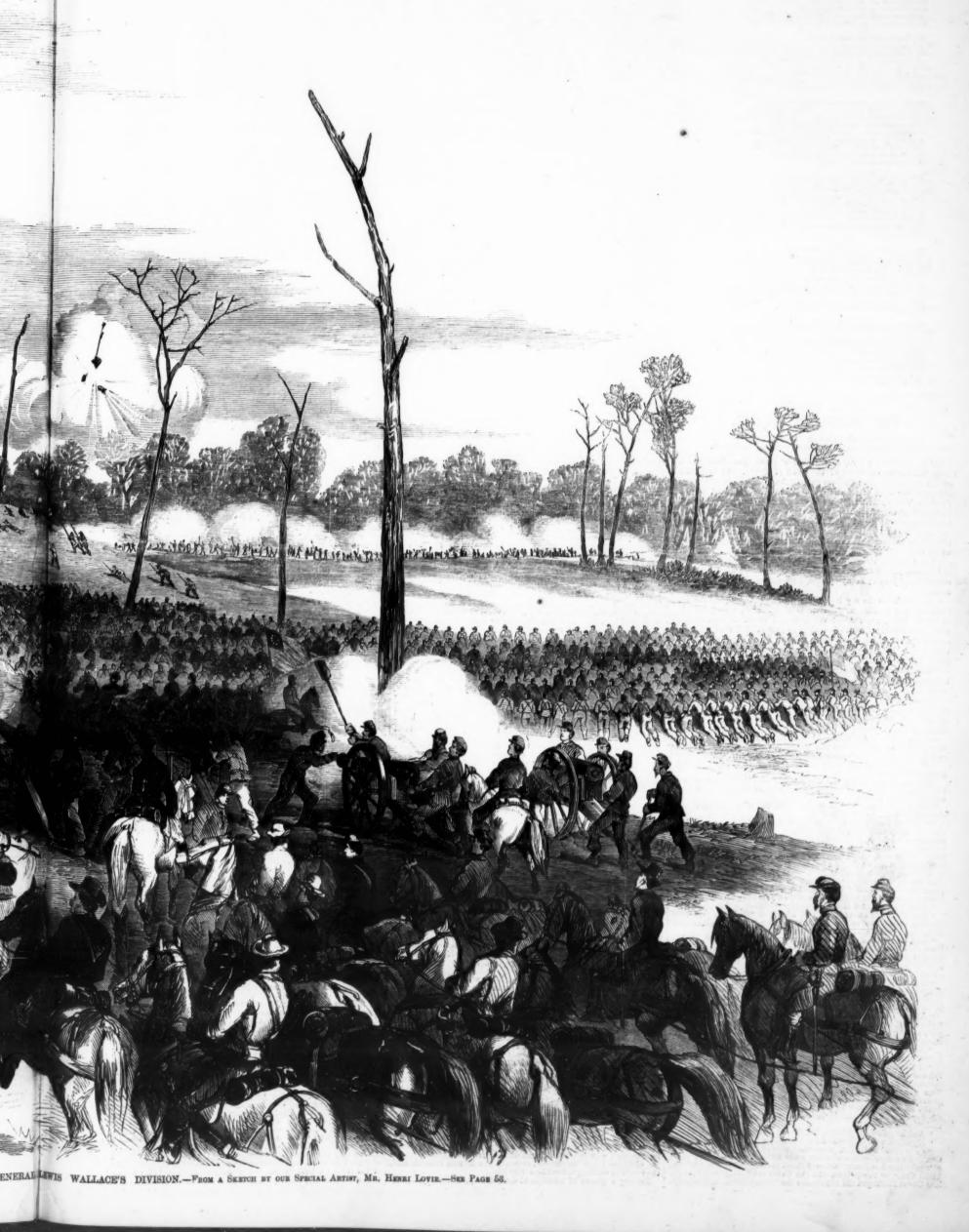
THE DATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING - PLAN SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FORCES DURING THE G BAT ARTILLERY FIGHT.



THE BATTLE OF PITTEBURG LANDING PLAN OF THE PERCE AT THE PEACH CREMAND,



THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING-ENGAGEMENT ON THE RIGHT WING, GENERAL LIWIS



[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

IN MEMORIAM-ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY LIONEL CLIFTON.

SHE hath gone where the saints and scraphim gather, In the gem-circled home of the unfinite Father, To the shining fields of the Asphodel, Where the prans of glory for ever swell: She singeth the song of the white-rot ed choir, She awakens again her silent lyre With a sweeter touch than the touch of old, For the chords she sweepeth are chords of gold!

Ah, how could she part from us so,
While summer its bloom and its incense is bringing?
Hath she not 1 ved them in days gone by,
And gazed on their haunts with a Poet's eye?
Hath she not sung of their blossoming glow
in liquid notes, like the rivulet's flow?
And woven her measures 11 sparkling and bright,
Fith a kindling heart in the festal light?

Sweet and deep must have been the speil
Of the pale gentle angel who made her immortal,
As she silently stepped through the shadowy portal—
Unshadow'd the vision of glancing wings,
The fresh, bright gush of the heaven'y springs,
And the River of Life, whose limpid wave
The boughs of the evergre n p im doth lave;
She listened, perchance, to an angel strain,
So long hath her lyre in silence lain!

Make bright the still place of her rest—
From the fair perfume-laden, the bright "Moon of Flowers,"
She hath passed to a land far more bliseful than ours:
So it is meet that her perishing clay
Be sweetly embalmed with the rose of May;
And it seemeth meet that her last fond words
Should be linked with the notes of the singing birds;
The odorous balm of the south-wind's breath
For ever be blent with her early death.

The relet the cypress branches wave.
With tresses unbound of the meek, drooping willow,
And Illies milk-white to make fragrant her pillow;
There lay her chaplet as d hang up her lute,
The voice of the exquisite songatress is mute—
Be her chamber thrice blest, a dewy shrine,
Where the rains may weep, and the white stars shine,
Bards and sweet sisters, who touched the charmed string,
Offerings of love and beauty will bring.

They have won our Minstrel away!
She has gone where the saints and scraph in gather,
In the gen-circled home of the Infinite Father,
To the shining fields of the Asphodel,
Where the peans of glory for ever swell:
She singeth the song of the white-robed choir,
She hath awakened again her silent lyre,
With a sweeter touch than the touch of old,
For the chords she sweepeth are chords of goid!

THE MIDNIGHT WALTZ.

DOCTOR-You see her eyes are open ? GENTLEWOMAN-Ay, but their sense is shut .- Macbeth

ON St. Sylvester's Eve, in the year of grace 18—, there was a state ball at the residency of the court of F—. As the clock struck eleven the grand duchess entered the ballroom, in which was stationed the band of the Kranwinkel regiment, followed by the Fraulein Von Volkenstein, her first maid of honor, whose appearance there produced a much more lively sensation than even that of the grand duchess herself, and whose progress along the saloon was accompanied by a perfect volley of whispered remarks, more or less benevolent or sarcastic, according to the sex or age of the parties by whom they were uttered.

"It is really too ridiculous," cried Madame Von Rothenwald, "to see a young person come to a ball in a simple muslin dress, without either lace or jewels; in my opinion, such conduct is perfectly scan-

"Ah! that's not the way it used to be in my time," sighed the old Countess Von Nollingen, ex-mistress of the robes, taking a pinch of snuff. "No, no, indeed? the lamented grand duchess would never have permitted such a breach of etiquette. But the court was quite a different thing in my time; and, in those days, we should very quickly have taught Miss Ottilie Von Volkenstein to keep her place. I can tell you."

place, I can tell you."
"Aunt, aunt!" interrupted little Stephanie, "have you seen the beautiful bouquet Ottilie has got—a large bouquet of magnificent

moss roses?"

"What are you chattering about, you little fool?" replied the countess; "moss roses on New Year's Eve?—you are mad! Why, at this time of the year they are not even to be found in the grand ducal hothouses."

ducal hothouses."

"Stephanie is right, however," rejoined Madame Von Rothenwald; "I have myself seen the Volkenstein bouquet, and should very much like to know who could have given it to her."

"Who but the prince!" said the ex-mistress of the robes, with a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, no, aunt; it was not the prince; and if Ottilic does not take care, the prince will escape her, for he is already half in love with little Lady Emilie."

"What! with that Englishwayers with the salready half in love

take care, the prince will escape her, for he is already half in love with little Lady Emilie."

"What! with that Englishwoman with the long ringlets?" exclaimed Madame Yon Rothenwald.

"The very same; she talks to him of dogs and horses; and, if I am not much mistaken, Ottilie will find in this little woman a very dangerous rival. But," added Stephanie, "I think I can fathom the mystery of this bouquet. Last Sunday night, at the duchess's cardtable, Ottilie said, within hearing of Major Von Ebersdoff, that she would give all the world for a bouquet of moss roses on New Year's Eve. Now, there happens to be living at Dilsheim an old American, who spends all his immense fortune in cultivating flowers; and so successful is he in his floral experiments that you may see roses in his hothouses in the month of January as well as in June."

"Well," interrupted the old countess, "what does that prove?"

"One moment, aunt; Herr Von Ebersdoff left F— yesterday expaning, and did not return until this morning, and only just in time to resume his duties in the household of the grand duke."

resume his duties in the household of the grand duke."
"And you imagine," said Madame Von Rothenwald, "that cederick was scouring the country all night in order to seek moss uses at Dileheim for the Volkenstein? Why, to do that, he must Frederick

roses at Dilsheim for the vocable to in love with her."
Stephanic burst out laughing.
"My dear Madame Rothenwald, where are your eyes? Have you not perceived that, for the last four weeks, he dances the cotillon none but her? You do not, then, know that he is desperately

with none but her? You do not, then, know that he is desperately in love with her?"
"Niece," said the Countess of Nollingen, in a severe tone of voice, "Niece," said the Countess of Nollingen, in a severe tone of voice, "you would do well not to occupy yourself so much with other people's affairs; you are a great deal too curious and too talkative, and these are faults which I cannot tolerate."

"Aunt Nollingen never scolds me until I have told her all I know," murmured Stephanie.
"If Ebersdoff loves the Fraulein Von Volkenstein, that accounts for the reason why, despite the reiterated persuasions and almost demands of the court, he has constantly refused to marry Homestix Von Frankenthal. No later than the day before yesterday the grand duke, who seems to have set his heart on this match, let the count understand that he would give him the Order of the Polican that."

"And he refused?" interpreted the old counted and the Frankenthal."

"And he refused?" interrupted the old counters.

"He asked a delay of four days to consider the matter."

"Four days" reflection, when the Order of the Pelican is in question! To reflect upon such a favor and he but five-and-twenty years of age! Good Heavens! when I think that my brother had but the Little Cross at thirty-nine,; and the Order at fifty-six; and that the late Count Nollingen did not receive the Grand Cordon until ten days

only before his death, in his seventy-fifth year, and after having filled by turns the offices of cupbearer, grand-chamberlain and intendant of the Court Theatre! Ah, madame, madame, times are sadly changed!"

changed!"
And so saying, the old countess rose from her seat and proceeded
to get rid of some of her superfluous indignation at one of the grand
ducal whist-tables.
Madame Von Rothenwald took Stephanie's arm and both strolled
towards the circle of dancers, where a contre-danse was about being

towards the circle of dancers, where a contre-danse was about being performed.

"It is very strange for all that, Stephanie; see, there is the Fraulein Von Volkenstein dancing with the master-of-the-horse, and opposite is Ebersdoff with the Frankenthal."

"That is because his royal highness has commanded the major to dance the first Française with Henrietta. But did you not observe the look Ottlilie gave on perceiving her vis-à-vis I am convinced she is furious and that Frederick will pay dearly for his contre-danse; for she absolutely detests the Frankenthal."

"Do you think, then, that she loves the count?"

"She—the cold, haughty, imperious Ottlile—she will never love him; and even supposing such an event ever took place, she would die a thousand times rather than let him see it. But I fancy she only wishes to add the name of Count Ebersdoff to her already numerous list of admirers."

"In that case she will find her match; for Ebersdoff possesses a character, at the very least as proud and untameable as her own. Love between these two beings would be like a deadly struggle between two prides."

Ottille Von Volkenstein, the subject of this convergention, scened

"In that case she will find her match; for Ebersdoff possesses a character, at the very least as proud and untameable as her own. Love between these two beings would be like a deadly struggle between two prides."

Ottlile Von Volkenstein, the subject of this conversation, seemed created by nature to realize the ideal type of feminine dignity. Nothing could be conceived more classical than the form of her head, or more irreproachably pure than the lines of her features. Her magnificent hair, of a bright chestnut, was parted over a truly imperial brow; her superb glance, and the habitually disdainful expression of her mouth, seemed to say that nothing worthy of her existed upon earth. Brought up at court, under the eyes of the grand duchess, who ever testified towards her an almost maternal affection, Ottilic soon found herself the point of attraction of that radiant little circle by which she was surrounded. Her extreme beauty, joined to her brilliant position at court, brought to her feet almost every man in the grand duchy—commencing with the hereditary prince himself. The transcendent success which she obtained, the adoration and envy which accompanied her every step, had in her quickly stified that germ of sensibilisy and love which every woman bears within her heart, while they augmented to an extraordinary pitch that thirst of domination of which no woman is utterly deprived. For Ottilie to live was to reign; but to reign equally over all. Too cold to appreciate the sentiment of love in another, she demanded not so much a deep, prefound and sincere passion as an absolute devotion to her will—a perpetual satisfaction of her self-love. Despite the disdain which she opposed as a barrier to all their attempts upon her heart, Ottilie was, for that very reason probably, surrounded by a host of despairing and blindly devoted aspirants to her heart and hand. Not a man approached her without falling desperately in love with her; and not one them could justly divine the cause of the marvellous power of this superby

had heard and understood alt that had been said, resorted to the blans of Lady Emily.

"With what happy mortal do you dance the "Midnight Waltz?" said the grand duchess, with a shalle, to her beautiful favorite, when, at 11½, the first bars of La Gabrielle—that pearl of Strauss's Waltzes—were heard. Ottilie had scarcely time to name Herr Ebersdoff, ere the gentleman himself appeared to claim the hand of his lovely nature.

partner.

No one—at least, none who have not passed some time in Germany—can conceive the entire effect of those delicious waltzes, which, by by turns melancholy and wildly gay, tender and exciting, at one time raise your spirits to an incredible height, and at another melt you almost to tears. To understand them thoroughly, it is necessary to behold the inspiration by which they are played, and the rerve with which they are danced. In a German ball-room the music and the dancing are not two separate things, but rather two inseparable parts of one whole. The music alone does not constitute one of Strauss's waltzes; the jingling of the spurs, the rustling of the dresses, the sound of the feet upon the floor, are as necessary to the effect of these waltzes as the orchestra itself.

At the first stroke of the clock which tolled the hour of midnight, the waltz stopped as if by magic; the orchestra saluted by joyous

At the first stroke of the clock which tolled the hour of midnight, the waltz stopped as if by magic; the orchestra saluted by joyous flourishes the advent of the new year; all kissed, all laughed. Amid the universal joy, Frederick also sought to profit by the sweet privilege granted to him by this longed-for moment; murmuring, with a broken voice, some almost unintelligible words, he leaned forward to dispose the permitted kiss upon Ottlile's cheek; but the latter, starting back and coloring with anger, measured him from head to foot with the glance of an offended queen. Herr Von Ebersdoff, astonished, amazed, with difficulty mustered up sufficient sang froid to say, as he forced a smile,

"Methinks you owe me this, however, for my roses."

"In that case, I beg you will take them back again; give them to whomsoever you please; I care not for them."

"Ottlile!——"
"Herr Von Ebersdoff, I was not aware that you had the right of addressing me thus."

"Herr Von Ebersdoff, I was not aware that you had the right of addressing me thus."
Frederick bit his lips, but kept silence.
The waltz recommenced, and terminated without a word more being uttered on either side. Ottlile Von Volkenstein, having returned to her place, was occupied in observing alternately Lady Emily, who with visible impatience sought the eyes of the prince, and Major Von Ebersdoff, who, seated beside the detested Fraulein Von Frankenthal, seemed addressing her with unaccustomed warmth, when the prince himself, in full uniform—his breast covered with orders, among which shone conspicuously the Order of the Pelican—presented himself before her in all his splendor.
The first words exchanged.

The first words exchanged.

"Monseigneur," said Ottilie, who well know the weak side of this fillustrious personage, "permit me to inquire after the health of Sultan?"

The features of his royal highness visibly lighted up with pleasure at this touching mark of condescension in a person so little in the habit of showing it. He seated himself by her side, and hastened to give her all the information in his power respecting the health of his favorite steed. On finding himself listened to with such marks of kind attention, the noble heir of the grand ducal crown became quite talkative; he deigned to submit to his lovely heaver his vast plans for a general amalearation of all branshas of the administration; and informed her of the determination, he had came to of demanding from his august father, on the occasion of a grand review which was shortly to take place, certain new uniforms furnish any new uniforms being given out under three years from the date of the last issue, and that they had now worn theirs but two years and a half. features of his royal highness visibly lighted up with pleasure

and a half.

"But," observed his royal highness, in guise of a concluding argument, "these gentlemen's coats are too shabby by half."

Ottlie Von Volkenstein was so perfectly complainant, she seemed to take such a lively interest in all that the prince said, that the latter, enchanted with his success, requested, as he rose from his seat, the honor of dancing the cotillon with hor.

Desting a glance of triumph at Lady Emily, Ottilie joyfully se-

thal.

Four days previously, Ottilie had promised to dance this cotillon with Frederick. Although she had now seriously insulted him, and deeply hurt his feelings, the natural politenesss of the count, and perhaps, also, certain other feelings which he would have been less willing openly to avow, prevented this promise from escaping his mind. At the moment that they were preparing for the cotillon, he advanced with an air of extreme coldness, certainly to recall this engagement to her mind.

advanced with an air of extreme coldness, certainly to recall this engagement to her mind.

"You must pardon my bad memory, herr count," replied she, with a disdainful air, "but I had forgotten the little affair of which you have been kind enough to remind me, and I engaged myself for the cotillon about half an hour ago."

Frederick trembled with rage.

"May I have the honor of learning with whom?" he said, with an air of forced calmness and unconcern.

air of forced calmness and unconcern.

The prince advanced to offer his hand to Ottilie. At this moment Lady Emlly and her mother crossed the ball-room and retired.

"Herr Von Ebersdoff," vociferated the prince, "will you do us the pleasure of leading off the cotillon?" and Frederick forthwith placed himself beside Henrietta Von Frankenthal, on the left hand of his royal highness.

placed himself beside Henrietta Von Frankenthal, on the left hand of his royal highness.

Chance, and the thousand and one figures of this capricious dance, so willed it that Major Ebersdoff and Ottlile should find themselves for a few moments almost alone together.

"I thank you, Fraulein Von Volkenstein," said the count, in a disdainful tone; I thank you for the lesson you have just given me; you have placed yourself either too high or too low, and it remains for me only to return you my thanks for having opened my eyes ere it was too late."

"What do you mean, herr count?"

"That I have nothing to do with the mistresses of princes."

Ere Ottilie could reply even by a look or gesture to this insulting speech, her royal partner had returned to her side. But the haughty girl felt for the first time in her life profoundly humiliated. She lost her habitual self-command. With rage in her heart, she sought to conceal her agitation under an appearance of levity ill suited to her, and during all supper time, seated beside the prince, and the object of his marked attentions, her excessive gaiety occasioned general astonishment.

On the following morning, at the grand duke's levee, Herr Von

of his marked attentions, her excessive gaiety occasioned general astonishment.

On the following morning, at the grand duke's levee, Herr Von Ebersdoff demanded from his sovereign the royal permission to espouse the Fraulein Von Frankenthal; but to this demand he added another, that of being immediately dispatched on a foreign mission. The grand duke, delighted at seeing the accomplishment of this long-wished-for marriage, consented to all. Four days later, Frederick espoused Henrietta Von Frankenthal, in presence of the entire court, and immediately after the ceremony, charged with a special mission to the court of St. Petersburg, quitted F— with his bride and his dispatches.

and immediately after the ceremony, charged with a special mission to the court of St. Petersburg, quitted F— with his bride and his dispatches.

A year had elapsed since the events narrated in our first chapter had taken place; a year fertile in very interesting events for the city of F—. The hereditary prince had espoused a certain princess of —, a circumstance which had given rise to innumerable balls and fêtes; the grand duke had founded on this joyful occasion an order of civil merit, and by this means had put in commotion all the councillors of the grand duchy. The court chapel master, having heard of a better appointment elsewhere, had escaped with the prima donna, to the prodigious scandal of the whole court. The grand veneur had been disgraced for having said that Napoleou was a man of genius, and the Fraulein Von Volkenstein had fallen seriously ill, while none of their royal highnesses' physicians could discover her complaint. Some fancied that she had caught cold at Major Ebersdoff's wedding; for scarcely had she returned home, ere she was seized with a succession of shivering fits, which lasted more than three hours, and had kept her bed for six weeks, a prey to an almost incessant fever. Since then she had suffered much; it was said that she had a disease of the heart, and this opinion was supported on the fact that when she experienced the slightest emotion, she was subject to nervous convulsions, during the continuance of which she would press her hand against her heart, as if forcibly to still its violent palpitations. Waltzing, above all, was expressly forbidden; because, on one occasion, having given way to this temptation, the excitement caused by the dance had nearly proved fatal. Since then she had discontinued accompanying the grand duchess into the world, and even from the private court parties she had asked permission to be excused, for she could no longer hear a waltz without bursting into tears.

St. Sylvester's eve had come round again. Herr Von Ebersdoff

excused, for she could no longer hear a waltz without bursting into tears.

St. Sylvester's eve had come round again. Herr Von Ebersdoff and his wife, having returned within the last few days from St. Petersburg, were present at the court ball, which, for the rest, resembled in every particular those which had been given on this occasion for the last six years. Ottilie, who felt worse than usual, had on this evening retired early to rest, and the grand duchess being desirous, before descending to the reception-rooms, of kissing and wishing her lovely favorite good-night, proceeded to her bedchamber; but she found Ottilie in such a profound sleep that she retired from the apartment without disturbing her.

A very lively and animated waltz had commenced. Herr Von Ebersdoff, retained within the royal circle, awaited until the duke, who was consulting him respecting a grand battue of rabbits which he was about to get up, had finished speaking, in order to go and seek his partner. All at once a general movement took place, the dancers paused, the music suddenly stopped, the company gathered hastily together in groups and began to converse eagerly in a low voice. A woman dressed in white traversed the ball-room, and motioning aside with her hand all those who obstructed her path, proceeded straight to Ebersdoff, who, the moment he caught sight of her, recoiled as if from a spectre.

"Frederick, come and waltz," said she, in a tone of voice the enchanting sweetness of which words cannot describe. "This time you shall waltz with me."

"Ottilie!"

A prey to violent emotion, it was the only word he could utter.

"Por Heaven's sake, count." hastily interrupted the court physi-

you shall waltz with me."

"Ottilie!"

A prey to violent emotion, it was the only word he could utter.

"For Heaven's sake, count," hastily interrupted the court physician, who had been attentively examining Ottilie Yon Volkenstein,

"do not thwart her; do all she wishes, and above all do not awake her; she sleeps—a sudden shock might prove fatal."

It was with feelings of unutterable anguish that Frederick contemplated this phantom, which seemed to rise before him as a sad but vain regret for the past. This superb creature, stricken by disease, bowed down by suffering; those large liquid blue eyes whose fixed glance seemed fastened upon some invisible object; that regal brow, over which the angel of death seemed already to have stretched the shadow of his wing; that proud and disdainful Ottilie, who, white, pale and inanimate as a beautiful marble statue, came forth thus in her sleep to revisit the field of her former conquests, all this appeared to him as a dream, an illusion, a thing too horrible to be real. He actually shuddered on feeling the impress of that icy hand which now clasped his own.

"Come, come," repeated Ottilie, "why do you delay?"

Ebersdoff followed her mechanically, and the waltz recommenced.

Light as the perfumed dust of a flower, vaporous as a shadow escaped from the dwellings of spirits, she floated rather than danced, and none could hear the sound of her footsteps.

and none could hear the sound of her horses. "

The walts over,

"It is too warm here; let us breathe the fresh air," said she,
drawing the count towards the principal window of the ball-room;
she opened it, and stepped out upon the balcony, from whence the
eye embraced a view of the grand ducal gardens.

The sarth reposed under a virginal mantle of newly-fallen snow,
whose brilliant purity was lighted up by the bluish rays of a cold
winter moon. A deathlike allence reigned around, even the gentle
night breeze seemed to sleep in the leaness branches of the trees;
upon the earth as well as in the heavens the melancholy of nature
had not a voice.

night brees, seemed as in the heavens the melancholy or nature had not a voice.

"How caim is all around us!" said Ottille, seating herself upon a stone bench, and motioning Ebersfolf to take his alocs beside her. "See you not Orbelia and Desdemona weeping? I went to the lake? Hear you not Orbelia and Desdemona weeping? I went to the lake? Hear you not Orbelia and Desdemona weeping? I went to the lake? How you a year ago to -night. Oa, Frederick, I have suffered much; but one must have suffered to purchase the happiness I now enjoy. What a sublime thing is happiness! In my greef and despair I cursed my Maker, I believed not in him; since I have become happy He has entered my soul like a tenant of light and fire. Holy religion of love, I prostrate myself before the? I hear the celestial choirs of the stars, I behold opening before me gates of eternal life; happiness surrounds me, envelopes me as in a vestment of flame. Fred.

erick, my beloved, place thy hand upon my heart. Do you not feel the throbbing of that heart which they say is so ill? it bounded towards thee, but thou went too far away. Now that it is conscious Fooler," it thus appears, have not been forgotten—on either side. thy presence, it is calm.

resence, it is calm."

erable madman that I was!" cried Ebersdoff, forgetting in

"Miserable madman that I was!" cried Ebersdoff, forgetting in the violence of his despair the precautions of the doctor. "All is over now. Oh, my happiness, my future, my life, all lost, lost, for ever lost! Oh, pride, pride, what hast thou done!"
"Pride!" repeated Ottilie, slowly; "it was pride that caused my suffering. Ah, yes, pride, and then jealousy; why did you dance with the Frankenthal! why did you converse so much with her? Jealousy devoured me, and you saw it not! my heart was breaking, but you knew not of it. Where are the 105 is that you gave me? I fancy I still inhale their perfume; and that that that Trefused you! Ah, Frederick, if you knew all I felt. But that me, Frederick, you loved not her? Answer me, Frederick, did you ever love her?"
"Never, never!" said the count, in a voice choking with emotion.
"And I—you always loved me, did you not!".
"More than life itself," replied he, burying his face in his hand-kerchief.

"Oh! what a future of happiness and love is opening before us!" continued Ottilie, gently laying her head upon the count's shoulder; "we will pass through life leaning on each other. Oh! I am too happy."

"we will pass through life leaning on each other. On: I am too happy!"

She ceased speaking, her lips still moved, though they gave forth no sound; she appeared in a deep sleep, though her eyes remained open. All at once the first notes of a walts were heard; Ottille bounded from her seat.

"Hark! Frederick, hark! do you not hear the Midnight Walts? the same they played a year ago, la Gubrielle—my favorite walts. You shall from henceforth dance it with me, always with me."

And she returned to the ball-room leaning on the arm of the

Passing with a bound through the double row of dancers, she began to dance; but with a sort of frenzy; without a single pause she revolved within the mazy circle, as if borne along by a whirlwind, "Quicker," she cried every moment, "quicker, quicker!" and the music so rapidly increased its time, that I reducite could scarcely follow his partner through the measures of this fearful walts. The first stroke of 12 sounded. Breathless, exhausted, overpowered by her exertions, she let herself almost fall into his arms.

"That kiss that I refused thee—that kiss—take it," oried she, gasping for breath, and raising her face to his.

"Ottilie! my life! my only love!" cried Frederick, utterly forgetting himself; and clasping her passionately to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers.

ting nimself; and clasping her passionately to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers.

A piercing, frightful cry rang through the ball-room. Ottilic escaped from his arms and fell at his feet in violent convulsions.

"Count, count!" cried the grand duke, "what have you done? You have awoke her."

"The danger is over now," said the doctor, rising from beside the inanimate form of Ottilie; "in this world she will awake no more."

The Handwriting on the Wall.

REBELLION, or that part thereof comprised within the city of Richmond, is in a state of great exclument over what the *Examiner* styles "traitorous and incendiary legends," which appear o'nights on the walls of public and private ediffices in the rebel capitol. They are scrubbed out in one place only to reappear in another. The iniquality with which they are written, it appears, results in great part from the fact that, owing to the scarcity of coal, gas can only be kept on in the street lamps until midnight. The writing is said to be "in a fair, round and deliberate hand," and the *Examiner* gives us some specimens:

Southern hearts are beating low— Manussas boasters shim the foe; Stars and Stripes shall wave again— Northerners trend this ebon main."

"The Lord is on our side, but, in consequence of pressing engagements elsewhere, could not attend at Pea Ridge, Donelson, etc."

"On Yorktown's walls the cry is 'still they come."

"Change your bells into cannon, and charge with Confederate 5's!" "Nationals! unfurl your banners over Yorktown walls."

"Southern bonsters grasp the dust, In the Lord you vainly trust, For the Lord you iain would chest With Haloyou lips and Pluto's feet— The cry is still they come!"

The Examiner adds ligibriously that these "ribaid inscriptions" prove "a great attraction to the loungers, and that "Many bitter imprecations were vented against the unknown perpetrator of the scurrious performance."

The Dance of Death.

THE Ladies' Sanitary Association of London have issued THE Ladies' Sanitary Association of London have issued a letter warning their sisters against the use of the brilliant green tariatan and green leaves, in artificial flowers, so much in use in "fashionable circles." They adduce instances of the death of a number of persons employed in manufacturing these stuffs and flowers—notwithstanding that during their work they had "their faces wrapped tightly round with towels." They adduce also the testimony of Prof. Hoffman, of the Royal College of Chemistry, who states that "green tarlatans contain as much as half their weight of schweinfoit, or esseraid green. The color is loosely laid on with starch, and comes off by the slightest friction in clouds of dust, the 20 yards of a tarlatan dress containing 900 grains of arsenic." One physician satisfied himself that from a lady's dress of this kind not less than 60 grains, sufficient to kill 39 persons, dress of this kind not less than 60 grains, sufficient to kill 30 persons, powdered off in a single evening during the lady's dance at a ball. The "dance of death" and of folly surely all this ought to be called, as it is the regnant source of many cylis, such as consumption, wasting cough, gastric fever, with which the innocent too often are seized, whilst possibly, a strong-constitutioned woman, able to dance and to show off her powers of dancing, may escape. The trade of making these green poisoned dresses has been banished from Bayaria, and their use ought to be condemned by the women of New York.

Posed!

WE have received the following note relative to the comic cut in our issue of the 3d of May, and are free to confess that we do not see "why the biggest slice of the alligator was given to Gen. McClel-lan;" or, for that matter, why any part was given to him at all. We print the query for the benefit of our funny man, and call on him to explain:

explain:

"Editor Leslie's Illustrated:
Permit me, in the name of myself and a party of my friends, to ask
you a few questions, which, of course, you need not answer. By what
right did you, or your artist, give the biggest slice of the alligator to
McClellan? By what right or logic can McClellan or his friends claim
for him the head of the reptile? Does it belong to him? If so, how?
Has he ever hurt the rebels mywhere since he took the command?
Where and when did he do anything of vital importance besides topping others from pushing vigorously ahead? Is not your drawing a
misrepresentation, not worthy of a respectable newspaper? Are you,
too, capable of toadyism? Very indignantly, a party of your
ADMIRERS."

REBEL LOSSES AT PITTSBURG LANDING .- The Memphis dryggs of April 24th gives a partial return of the robel losses at Pitts, burg Landing. The ot up 927 killed, 4,471 wounded, and 301 missing. As these comprise the esturns from 30 regiments and batteries, and as it is well known that up ards of 80 regiments were especied, we may fairly estimate the total rebel loss at 2,000 killed, 10,000 wounded, and 1,000 missing and prisoners—or 13,000 in all.

GEN. BRAGG, in an order dated from the rebel camps at Corinth, announces to the army the death of Gen. A. H. Gladdes, who fell at the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY, who presided at the Secession Meeting of "Col. Fooler," in London, and is now in this country, receives a complimentary notice in the Eichmond Dispatch, which understands he will soon visit the South, and hopes he will do so. It assures

THE CITY.-New York has never worn a more cheerful aspect. The streets are full of life and movement, and he must needs be "gifted with optics sharp, I ween," to detect any sign of the great fact that the Nation is engaged in a great struggle for lis integrity and future position as the controlling power of the world. Wall street is animated over the fact that the Government Stocks rate above paranimated over the fact that the Government Stocks rate above par-fraders are pleased with the opening of new ports, and increasing de-mands for the old ones. The hotels swarm with occupants. The Gramercy Fatk (the best of our up-town hotels), the Everett House, the New York and the Metropolitan are crowded to overflowing, and are daily obliged to send away hundreds of applicants from their hospitali-ties and considerts. In a word, everything indicates a vitality, buoyancy and energy, commercial, industrial and social, unsurpassed by the evil dences of any previous year, and that, spite of Southern claims of "sup-porting the North" and giving to New York its supremacy.

GEN. STONE .- In reply to a resolution of the Senate in-

GEN. STONE.—In reply to a resolution of the Senate inquiry into the case of G. n. Stone, the President states:

"Brig. Gen. Stone was arrested under m. general authority, and upon evidence which, whether he was guilty or innocent, required that such proceedings should be had against him for the public safety. I deem it incompatible with the public interest, as also perhaps unjust to Gen. Stone, to make a more particular statement of evidence. He has not been tried because, in the state of military operations at the time of his arrest and since, the officers to constitute a court-martial could not be withdrawn from duty without generally injuring the public service. He will be allowed a trial without unnecessary delay, and charges and specifications furnished him, and every facility for defence afforded him by the War Department."

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY, now in the sixth year of its publication, has proved acceptable to the public, and the success with which he has met has stimulated the publisher to make renewed efforts Magazine in the country, containing 100 pages and a great number of engravings. The literature is of the first class, every article being selected with special reference to its fitness for the family circle, and the amusement and instruction of the reader are equally considered. In adaddition to its other recommendations, the Magazine is peculially adapted for and interesting to the ladies, having a Gazette of Fuskion, presided over by a lady of acknowledged ability and taste. The subscription price is \$3, and should be sent to Frank Leslie, 10 City Hall Square, New York.—City Times, Kanesville, Ohio.

DESERTERS from the rebel camps at Corinth report that the capture of New Orleans was known there on the 27th of April, and that on the 18th the time of two of the Louisiana regiments that were enlisted for 12 months expired, but by the new conscript law they were required to serve two years longer. On being so informed both regiments laid down their arms and refused to fight, when Beauregard detailed four Tennessee regiments to guard them as prisoners.

FINDING OUT THE TRUTH .- Although the mendacious BENDING OUT THE ARCTH.—Although the includations Beauregard claimed a victory at Pittsburg Landing and Jeff. Dayls congratulated his Confederacy on the result, the truth of the affair is gradually coming out. The Richmond Examiner of April 22d states, "that all the evidence collected on the subject goes to show that the Confederates were badly Cefeated," and, as an evidence of the fact, it quotes Beauregard's own letter to Gen. Grant, the day after the battle, asking the latter, who was in possession of the field, for permission to bury the robel dead.

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.—The official report of Gen. Samuel R. Curtis gives the following as the Union loss at the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas:

 Killed
 203

 Wounded
 972

 Missing
 176

BRIG.-GEN. John C. Breckinridge, gives the loss of his brigsde—four regiments and three batteries of artillery—in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, at 127 k Hed, 520 wounded and 41 missing—total 688.

GEN. BEAUREGARD, in his first dispatch to the rebel Sec retary of War, annous mg his "victory" at Pittsburg Landing, said, "we have taken from 5,000 to 10,000 prisoners." In his second dispatch he reduces the number "from 5,000 to 5,000," and in his official account he makes the number "over 3,000." It appears now there were only 2,380 in all. If Gen. Beaureward has not lost his life, he has certainly lost his character for truth!

A VOTE OF CENSURE. - The House of Representatives, by a vote of 75 to 45, has passed the following resolution of censure on Mr. Cameron, late Secretary of War. If he has any sense of shame left, he will never present himself before the Emperor of Russia, as Minister of the United States, with this brand on his name;

Minister of the United States, with this brand on his name:

"Resolved, That Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, by investing Alexander Cummings with the control of large sums of the public money, and authority to purchase military supplies without restriction, without requiring from him any guarantee for the faithful porformance of his duties, when the services of competent public officers were available, and by involving the Government in a vast number of contracts with persons not legitimately engaged in the business pertaining to the subject matter of such contracts, especially in the purchase of arms for future delivery, has adopted a policy highly injurious to the public service, and occaves the censure of this House."

THE CENSORSHIP .- The Richmond Dispatch ridicules the abourd restraints which the Department of War has put on the telegraph and press, under the pretence of "inilitary necessity," and of preventing "information reaching the enemy." It says of the movement of McClellan on the York peninsula:

"The military authorities required the newspapers not to publish one word upon the subject, lest it might put 'the Rebels' on their guard; but 'the Rebels' knew it as soon as the Unionists themselves. The idea that the leaders on either side derive information of the enemy's movement from looking at their newspapers is simply ridiculous. All the information that can be obtained by either comes through channels employed for that purpose, and is received and made use of long before it can spper in print."

NORTH CAROLINA .- Western North Carolina sympathises with Eastern Tennessee, and is strongly Union. According to various accounts, the Union men of these regions are in arms, and a correspondent of the Tribune tells us that—

spondent of the Tribunc tells us that—
"Soon after Newberne was captured, an important engagement took place in the western part of the State between a large robel force and the Union Home Guards, resulting in a complete rout-of the former, who, it appears, lost all the guns belonging to one battery, all the camp equipage, wagons, and supplies of all kinds, belonging to the rebel force, with three companies of cavalry, which were entirely cut off and obliged to surrender, or in other words, were 'retained.' The Raleigh Standard called it a' most disgraceful riot, which is truly a very polite term for a defeat. It appears that the Union men in the mountains had been hanging a notorious rebel character, one Celouel Dodge, who had charge of the militia, and had resorted to a sweeping impresement; happe the difficulty."

THE Rochester Evening Express has the following notice of our last "Comic";

of our last "Comic":

"THE ALTERIATIVE.—It was reported that Gen. Beauregard declared in his address to the rebel soldiers on the morning of the battle of Shiloh: 'I will water my horse in the Tennessee river or in h—li before night.' As he failed to reach the Tennessee river is inferred that he had to accept the alternative, and Frank Leslie's Weekly furnishes a startling illustration of 'the way he did it.' The spectator is afforcied an interior view of the infernal regions, which, to all appearances, are gituate within rifle-shot of the Confederate capitol. The entrance is guarded by the mythological Cerberus, and the foreground of the interior exhibits the said horse, a lean and scraway Hosinante, alaking his thirst in the 'liquid fire,' while his chivairie master, the famous P. G. T., stands beside, resting his left albow upon the pommel of the saddle, and grimly cocking his eye at the fiends that throng to

welcome him. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the illustration, but as all of Leslie's pictures are 'taken upon the spot,' we are bound to accept it as genuine."

BEAUREGARD'S EPITAPH.—Beauregard insists that the batthe of Pittsburg Landing was a "glorious victory"—albel o ran away from the field, and sent a begging letter to Gen. Grant for permission to come back and bury his dead. This circumstance, and the general con-duct, and the florid bulletins of the gaseous Frenchman, have inspired the following epitaph:

Here lies Toutant de Beauregard, Who for the truth had no regard; When seized by Satan he will cry, "I've caught the Devil! Victory!"

THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS-OUR ILLUS-TRATIONS.

OUR present paper contains the earliest authentic sketches of the great event of the past month—the restoration of the great emporium of the South to the Union. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the effects of this staggering blow to the rebel cause. That petulant and pestilent paper, the London *Times*, as though for once a Balaam (Bull-run Russell being the braying animal), instinctively foreshadows the event three weeks before it happened, by shadows the event three weeks before it happened, by declaring that the possession of New Orleans would be a tourniquet placed on the main artery of the Confedera's States. Without waiting to waste a word on the puerfie affectation of the simile, it is clear how momentous the friends of the rebellion considered the suffect of the Croscent City, and with what a damaging force the news of the National triumph will fall upon their European sympathisers. As misfortune is proverbially friendless and despised, the officials of England and France will look upon Mason and Slidell as impostors.

The National Forces.

As New Orleans has fallen, there can be no objection to our stating that the naval forces were over 40 sail. Their names are

Flagship Hartford, 26 guns, Capt. Richard Wainwright; Executive fleer, Lieut. J. S. Thornton.

Flagship Hartford, 26 guns, Capt. Richard Walnwright; Executive officer, Lieut. J. S. Thornton.

Steam-sloop Brocklyn, 26 guns, Capt. Thomas T. Craven; Executive officer, Lieut. R. B. Lowry.

Steam-sloop Michmond, 28 guns, Capt. James Alden.

Steam-sloop Michmond, 28 guns, Capt. M. Smith; Executive officer, Lieut. Dewey.

Steam-sloop Varuna, 10 guns, Capt. Charles S. Boggs.

Steam-sloop Pensacola, 24 guns, Capt. H. W. Morris; Executive officer, Lieut. Praucis Roc.

Steam-sloop Oneida, 11 guns, Com. S. Phillips Lee; Executive officer, Lieut. Francis Roc.

Steam-sloop Oneida, 11 guns, Com. S. Phillips Lee; Executive officer, Lieut. Steord.

Steam-sloop Iroquols, nine guns, Com. John De Camp; Executive officer, David B. Harmony.

Gunboat Westfield, six guns, Capt. William B. Renehaw.

Gunboat Katahdin, six guns, Lieut.-Com. George Preble.

Gunboat Pinola, 2ve guns, Lieut.-Com. George Preble.

Gunboat Cayuga, twe guns, Lieut.-Com. Napoleon Harrison,

Gunboat Ciffton, five guns, Lieut.-Com. John Febiger.

Gunboat Kanache, five guns, Lieut.-Com. John Febiger.

Gunboat Kanache, five guns, Lieut.-Com. John Febiger.

Gunboat Mami, six guns, Lieut.-Com. John Febiger.

Gunboat Minni, six guns, Lieut.-Com. John Febiger.

Gunboat Winona, four guns, Lieut.-Com. Ledward Donaldson.

Gunboat Winona, four guns, Lieut.-Com. Ledward T. Nichols; Executive officer, John G. Walker.

Gunboat Winon, four guns, Lieut.-Com. George H. Ransom.

Schooner Kitatinny, nine guns, Lieut.-Com. Albert N. Smith.

Gunboat Harrict Lane, six guns, Lieut.-Com. J. M. Walawright, with Com. David D. Porter, who has 21 schooners, composing "Porter's mortar fleet," each carrying a heavy mortar and two 32-pound guns.

The fleet, therefore, consisted of 46 sall, carrying 286 guns and 21 mortars, the whole under command of Flag-

The fleet, therefore, consisted of 46 sall, carrying 286 guns and 21 mortars, the whole under command of Flag-

officer D. S. Farragut.

The military force, which is very large, but which we have reasons for not enumerating, is under the command of Gen. B. F. Butler. These were all collected at

Ship Island.

which is a sand strip in the Gulf of Mexico, 30 miles to the north of the Chandeleur Island, and about 12 miles to the south of Mississippi City. Its position, which, to a certain extent, makes it a menace to the Pontchartrain entrance to New Orleans, to Mobile, and to Mississippi City, rendered it of great advantage as a rendezrous for our armaments, whenever it was necessary to make a demonstration against any of those Southern ports, and the sagacity displayed in seizing this apparently miserable strip of land has been amply vindicated. There were only a few wretched huts upon it when Gen. Phelps took possession of it last summer, but it now has the appearance of a civilized town, as our readers can perceive from Mr. Waud's sketch, on page 52. page 52.

This little mud town is a few miles up the South-western Pass, and derives its name from the occupa-tion of its inhabitants. The correspondent of the New York Herald Bays:

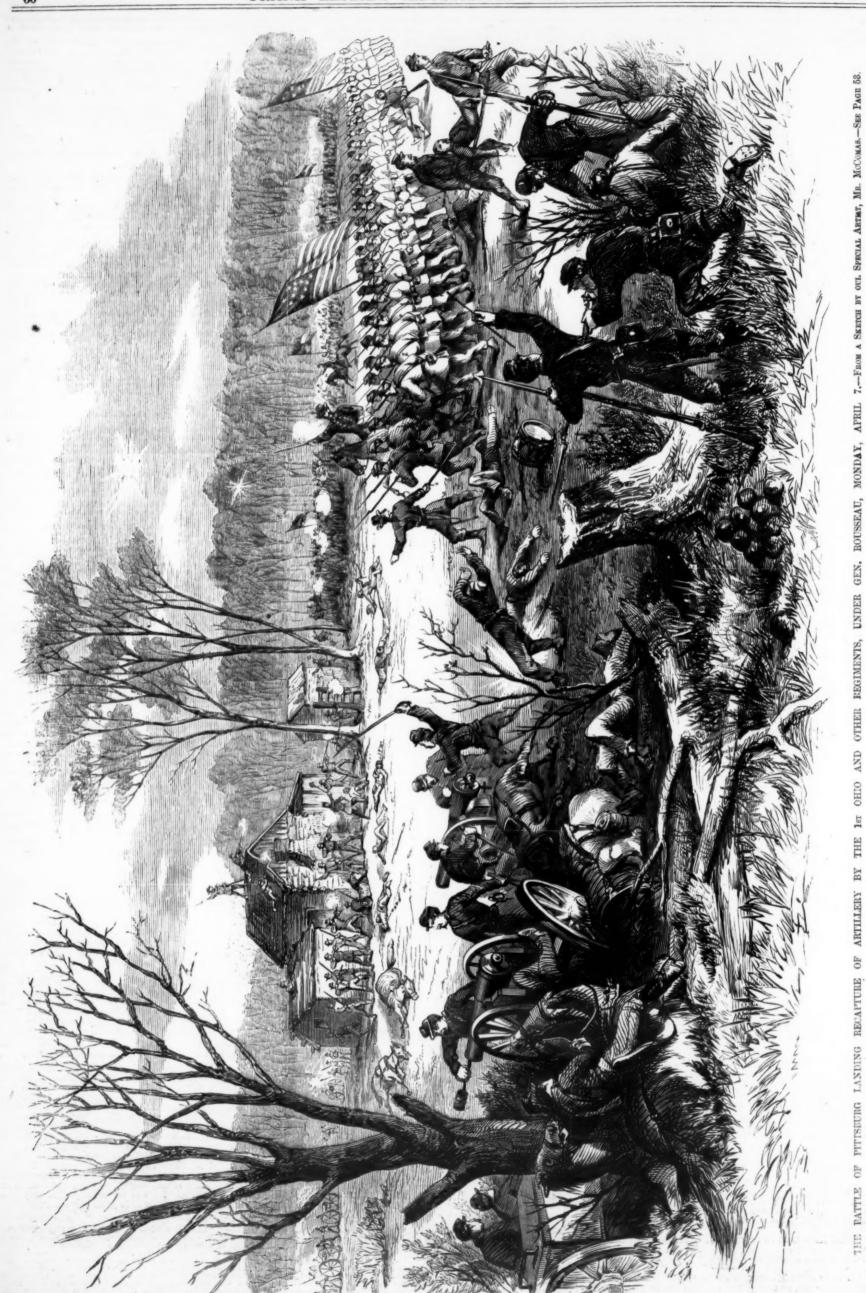
Herald says:

"Pilot Town is composed of a dozen middling good houses, with as many more of less importance. Some of them are, or at least have been, fitted up richly. The house of Johnson, the old Dane, a pilot, has been used for a hotel, and is very large and commodious. Ross's house is in excelent repair. The people ashore told us the pilots left here some months ago, and by mere chance they were enabled to remain behind. They are in a half-funished condition, and are terribly afraid of the vengeance of the rebels should they furnish us with fish and ovsters. They rebels should they furnish us with fish and oysters. They were assured that their lives and property should be protected, and it would not be likely that they would ever see a Secesh flag again.'

Large Vessels getting over the Bar at the Delta.

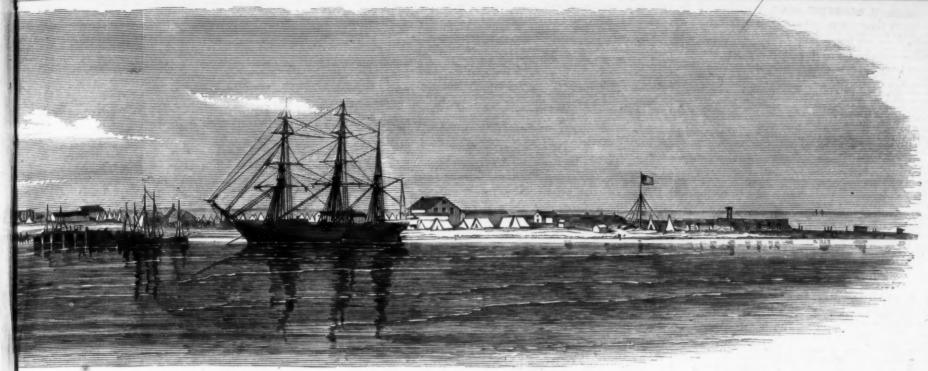
Our Special Artist says that the labor of getting the large ships over the bar was very great. All the guns, coal, cables, stores, spars, water, etc., were taken out previous to the attempt, in order to lighten them. "The sketch I send was taken at the time when the Pensacola and Colorado were both aground on the bar, and the Mississippi over the bar, but aground on the side of the channel. After trying in vain to lighten the Colorado sufficient to float her over, they vain to lighten the Colorado sufficient to float her over, they "abandoned the attempt, and made her a store ship. Be pleased to remember that the mist I have put in the sketch is natural, and is occasioned by the meeting of the cold water with the warm Gulf stream. It is about 20 feet high, and the consequence is that only the rigging and funnels of the ship can be seen. Such is its density, that very frequently a foot cannot be seen at 50 yards distance."

Mexico.-The latest advices from Havana announce the MEXICO.—The latest advices from Havana announce the return of the greatest part of the Spanish troops from Mexico, on the 23d of April. Gen. Prim and the rest were expected at Havana every day. The British Contingent having already arrived at Bermula, only the French forces remained to march upon the City of Mexico. The British and Spanish commanders withdrew from the Tripartite Treaty, after an unsatisfactory interview with the French General, Count de Loremore. Gen. Prim expressed considerable discontent at the independent action of the French, which he declared was at variance with the terms of the Treaty of London. Almonte seams to be their evil grants.



MER CO

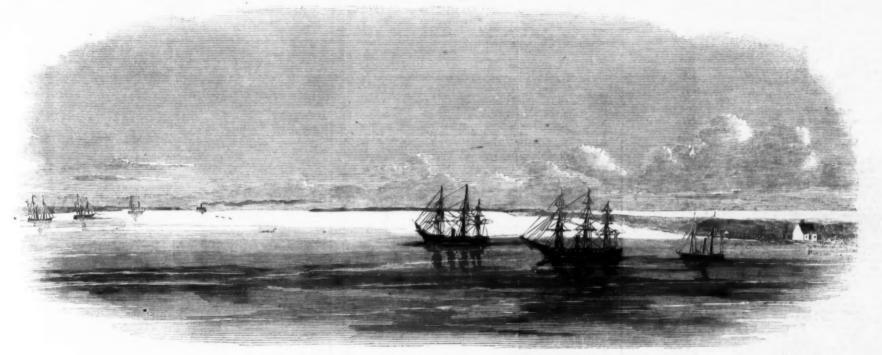
SELSTOR



Wild Gazelle Army Transport. Quartermaster's Department. MER CONNECTICUT.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mb. Wm. Waud.—See Page 59.

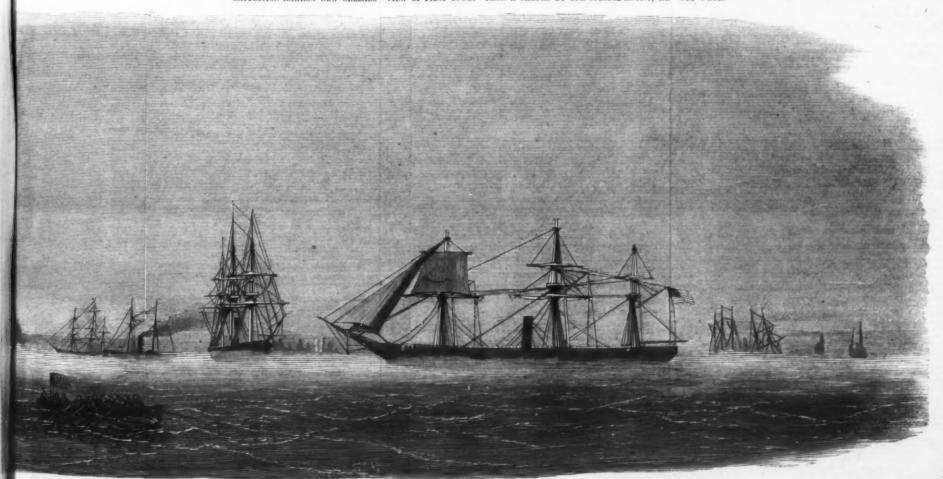
Headquarters of Gen. Butler.

Fort Massachusetts



EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS - VIEW OF PILOT TOWN. - FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR WM. WAUD.

Pilot Town.



Gunboat Miami.

Colorado;

Kittatinny.

SELS FOF THE EXPEDITION PASSING THE BAR, APRIL 3.—FROM A SECTOR BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WM. WAUD.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

GEN. Grant reports that he has buried over 4,000 dead soldiers. There is no doubt that the rebels lost many more in killed than we did, for our men fired to kill, and theirs to wound, and both carried out their orders to the letter. Our troops have collected 10,000 stand of arms thrown away by the rebels.

FIFTEEN hundred bushels of cotton seed from Newberne, R.C., have reached Washington, consigned to the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office. More than 100 women have been employed to pack the seed for distribution with all possible dispatch, in order that the experiment of its culture in the grain growing region may be fairly made. The North Carolina seed has been selected as best fitted for the soil and climate of the Border and Western States.

It may be a matter worthy of remembrance that in New Hampshire, on the third week in April, 1862, the farmers were hauling wood to the railway stations on the top of the snow, across lots, without regard to roads or fences.

THE Galena (Ill.) Lead Mine regiment was in the battle both days at Pittsburg, made two charges at the point of the bayonet, and captured one rebel battery. On the camp ground of the regiment where the lighting took place, there were buried on the day after the battle 142 rebel bodies, and 37 Union. Three commissioned officers of this regiment were killed, and ten commissioned officers were wounded.

MARRIAGES in Connecticut are less frequent than before the war broke out. Last year there were but 3, a falling off of 279.

THERE are at present 182 graduates of Harvard University rving in various capacities in the army and navy of the United States.

PERSONAL.

CAPT. ERICSSON, it is stated, will probably be the reci-pient of one of the famous Rumford medals held by the Massachusetts Academy of Arts and Sciences, for his invention of the caloric engine.

LIEUT. TODD, brother of Mrs. Lincoln, whose cruelty to be Union prisoners confined in Richmond had become proverbial, was

GEN. STERLING PRICE, of Missouri, has resigned his com-mission in the rebel army. Whatever might have been said of ex-Gov Price, he has shown more suggesty in the present rebellion than any other officer in Jeff. Davis's army.

Com. FOOTE's wound will probably disable him from sercom. FOOTE'S Would will probably disable him from Service for a time, and he is coming home. His successor will be one of the ableat men in the navy—possibly Capt. Charles H. Davis, who was second in command to Dupont in the Port Royal expedition. No man during the war has won a higher fame, both for gallacity and prudence, than the noble old Commodore of the western gunboats.

than the noble old Commodore of the western gunboats.

PROF. BOTTA, in a recent lecture, indulges in the following highfalutin. It is the close of his culogium on Count Cavour:

"Bend down, O immortal genius of Italy! bend down from thy paradise, where, in the high Supreme, thou livest! Beceive into thy bosom the spirit of the great Italian whom we mourn, who has wrought thy divine poem into the nation's history; who has accomplished the work to which thou didst give thy life. Beceive him, and, as once Beatrice led thee, be thou his guide through those realms where founders or nations, champions of lib.rty, martyrs and benefactors of humanity for ever dwell in glorious immortality."

C. A. Dana has been appointed by Secretary Stanton

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

New York Philliarmonic Society.—The last concert of the 20th season was given at Irving Hall last Saturday evening. The programme consisted of the following pieces: Grand Sinfonia in C, by Franz Schubert; Concerto Militaire for Violin, by Bruno Wollenhaupi, Lipinski; Orphee Poème Symphonique, by F. Listz; Concerto No. 8, in D, for Piano, by Richard Hoffman, Mozart; Concertina for Trombone, by F. Letsch, F. David; Overture, "Fidelio," by Beethoven.

The programme was of varied excellence and interest, the new pieces giving zest to the old favorities. The Philhsrmonic orchestra has rarely been in a happier vein for playing; it does not often fall below its average of e cellence, which is very high, but on this occasion it exceeded in delicacy and precision most of its later efforts. It is a well-balanced orchestra, and in individual excellence few if any orchestras in Europe can compare with it. The whole performance reflected upon it and its able conductor, Mr. Eisfeld, the highest credit. Schubert's Symphony, a great favorite with us, was superbly played. Nothing could exceed the unity of purpose, the sentiment and the delicacy of the rendering of the lovely Andante con moto—to listen to that alone was worth a whole year's subscription. The execution of the whole was unexceptionable, but the Andante was a gen demanding special mention.

Our readers are aware of the position claimed by Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt in these columns—that of ranking among the finest violinists of the age. All we claimed for him he has fully sustained by his subsequent performances, and although that cordial and complete recognition of his position is still withheld by a portion of the pressit is fally acknowledged by the public and by all those whose opinions are of any value either as respects experience or cultivation. By-and-bye Bruno Wollenhaupt will be one of our great art-contributions to Europe, and the country will know his high worth when Europe has given him its endorsement.

The Concerto, by Lipinski, o

marvellous skill and taxes the abundance of the concentra was equal to all its requirements.

Mozart's beautiful Concerto was played by Richard Hoffman at a Philharmonic Concert last year. So great was the sensation it made at that time, that its repetition was requested by the subscribers on this occasion—a tribute to the work and the performer justly merited.

We hear too little of Mr. Hoffman, and trust that occasions may offer to bring him more frequently before the public. His performance was greeted by a perfect tempest of appliause, and in acknowledgment of the implied encore he played one of those delicious morecaux which he interprets with such exquisite taste and sontiment.

The trombone Concertino was very finely played by Mr. Letsch, whose execution on that unwieldy instrument is of rare delicacy and exceeding facility.

The overture to "Fidelio" was magnificently performed, and brought to a close one of the finest concerts of the senson. To Mr. Eisfeld special credit is due. His conducting was at once intelligent, firm and sympathetic, and the orchestra under his hand was not a mere machine; it was the interpreter of his conceptions of the works of master-minds, and thus a degree of perfection was attained which has been but rarely achieved in this country. Special credit must be given to the careful orchestral accompaniments to the solos, which added not a little to their success and our evolyment.

GOTTSCHALK'S CONCERTS.—During the past week the

GOTTSCHALE'S CONCERTS.—During the past week the himitable Gottschalk has given two concerts, assisted by Carlotta Patti, Tombent, Ferri, Mollenhauer, Sanderson and Muzio. They were charming coverts in every respect, and were very successful.

At this time it would seem unnecessary to dilate upon Gottschalk's performance, but we cannot refrain from saying a few words on his new compositions. They all bear the impress of Gottschalk's individuality as strongly as his earlier works; they all contain the same dreamy sentiment, delicious languor, aerial finely and tender and passionate melody, which form the charm of his style and stamp the character of the man on the things of his lungination. Exquisitely beautiful as are the thoughts he penned in Cuba, we look for something more vigorous and not less beautiful as the results of his Northern visit.

The success of his two concerts last week induced Mr. Gottschalk to give another, his last, on Monday, the 5th lust., on which occasion he was assisted by Mr. S. B. Mills, who is, as our readers are aware, one of the most remarkable planists of the day. We shall notice this performance in our next.

WINTER GARDEN—Miss BATERALY.

winter Garden—Miss Bateman.—The performance of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" at this establishment afforded as an opportunity of still further testing the range of Miss Bateman's ability. If there is one rôle more than another which requires youth in addition to the highest order of talent, it is Juliet So vivid and intense is the nature of the character, that nothing out youth would excuse its reckless, passionate impetuosity, and free it from the charge of wantonness and immodesty. So Miss Bateman has the one great requisite for the character—youth, and her genius supplies all else to fill out the picture. Juliet is a very difficult character to personate, because its circet, carnest, outright love is very liable to exaggeration, and in passionate love-accues anything but seeming earnestness reaches the point of ridicule, which is fatal to all sentiment.

Miss Bateman is terribly in earnest; she is utterly absorbed in the

exigences of the character, and for the time being is the living Juliet herself. Hers is an entire abandonment to the impersonation, and is at once a truthful and wonderful delination in all the phases of the character. The b-loony scene was finely acted, the dreamy, poetic language was exquisitely given, its pathos and sentiment could hardly be excelled. We would suggest, however, that her voice is hardly sufficiently modulated to the teader passion-tone; even in the soficest passages there seems a suppressed energy ever ready to burst forth, which deprives it of its sympathetic tone, so essential to the effective delivery of loves first utterance. Vocal repose is as necessary as physical repose, and Miss Bateman would do well to believe the importance of that fact at once, and strive to control an energy which may otherwise deteriorate into bolsterousness and lower her present high standard of dramatic excellence. The interview with her nurse was naturally and charmingly conceived; the suppressed impatience for her lover's message, her conxing, winning gentleness, with her perverse old servant, could hardly have been excelled in execution. Altogether it was a performance of extraordinary power, which we have never seen equalled since the early efforts of Fanny Kemble in the same character, and we doubt if there is any actress on the stage at this moment who could approach the excellence of Miss Bateman as one of the most promising actresses of the age. When we consider her youth and what she has already achieved, we do not hesitate to predict for her the foremost position in the theatrical world at no very distant day. She has every natural requisite to assume and sustain that position. She has youth, health, a fine person, an expressive face, a voice capable of every modulation which passion or fancy demands, natural grace and a native energy and individuality which must stamp everything she doos with the mark of originality. Unflagging study and a careful practice will enable her to wear the proud title of

o wish for.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The newest feature here during the past week was the production of Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, "Every Due has his Fault." By the able acting of Lester Wallack, Blake, Fisher, Mrs. Vernon and Miss Fanny Morant, the comedy was made a success, and drew to the establishment two crowded and brilliant indicates. "The Lady of Lyons" was given last Friday evening for he fifth time in two weeks, to a house crowded from parquette to galacry. The Claude Melnotte of Lester Wallack and the Pauline Desthappelles of Mrs. Hoey aroused the enthusiasm of the andience as again as on the previous performances. It was repeated on Tuesday of the present week. On Monday, Bourciault's "Love in a Maze" was serformed, and on Wednesday, Sheridan Knowles's glorious comedy of The Leve Chase" was given with a strong cast, of which more in sur next.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—This establishment was closed DAGGA BEENE S THEATRE.—This establishment was closed during three nights last week, in order to prepare for the forthcoming novelty which is to attract its thousands during the next few months. The new piece is entitled "Reason and Folly; or, Life in Paris," a deame fentastique. It is in four acts, and affords full scope for all the features which attract the public—striking situations, superb scenery, beautiful music, and a mystery which is artistically concealed until the last moment.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The performances this week will be BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The performances this week will be of a most interesting character. In the Lecture-Room, Madama Celeste's beautiful drama, "The Flowers of the Forest; or, a Gipsey's Story," will be given every afternoon and evening. The cast includes Mrs. J. J. Prior and other favorites, and the piece will be produced with new scenery, dresses and nusic. It will be a rich treat for the visitors of the Museum. Another new feature, and a very attractive one, is the appearance of the youthful outer, Master Dudley Waller. Although only six years of age, his oratorical powers are said to be so extraordinary, that they have excited the wonder of all who have listened to him. He will be a great card. Com. Nutt continues to crack his jokes and to tell his experiences to delighted listeners. He is certainly the greatest little man in the world. The whale, the "Quaker" gun and other curiosities are still on exhibition.

BELINGUES.

gun and other curiosities are still on exhibition.

BARNUM'S DOG-SHOW.—One of the most interesting cyhibitions of the present season will be the Dog-show at Barnum's Museum, which commences on Monday next and continues all the week. Barnum has offered munificent premiums for the best thoroughbred dogs of every species. The highest premium, \$1,600, will be paid for the largest and handsomest dog of any species, while smaller premiums will be given for the best and other grades of the various canine specimens. We think this a public-spirited movement on the part of Mr. Barnum, and we hold the belief that this and future exhibitions of the kind will do much towards improving the breeds of dogs. An emulation will be aroused, which must result beneficially to the improvement of the species.

An extraordinary interest surrounds this exhibition, for dogs are the universal pots of the world, and thousands will visit the Museum to see if any of the specimens there present surpass their own special home favorites.

favorites.

Of Barnum's great Baby-show, which takes place in June, we shall have occasion to speak by-aud-bye. In the meantime, brush up your prize specimens. O mothers of Young America!

NEW ORLEANS-ITS SURRENDER.

THE following correspondence between Capt. Farragut nd the rebel Mayor of New Orleans is very characteristic:

and the rebel Mayor of New Orleans is very characteristic:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP HARTFORD,
OFF NEW ORLEANS, April 26, 1862.

To His Excellency the Mayor of the City of New Orleans.

Upon my arrival before your city I had the honor to send to your Honor Capt. Bailey, U. S. N., second in command of the expedition, to demand of you the surrender of New Orleans to me, as the representative of the Government of the United States. Capt. Bailey reported the result of an interview with yourself not the military authorities.

It must occur to your Honor that it is not within the province of a naval officer to assume the duties of a military commandant. I came here to reduce New Orleans to obedience to the laws of, and to vindicate the offended majesty of the Government of the United States. The rights of persons and property shall be secured. I therefore demand of you, as its representative, the unqualified surrender of the city, and that the emblem of the sovereignty of the United States be hoisted over the City Hall, Mint and Custom-House by meridian this day, and all flags and other emblems of sovereignty other has this of the United States, be removed from all the public buildings by that hour.

I particularly request that you shall exercise your authority to quell disturbances, restore order, and call upon all the good people of New Orleans to return at once to their vocations; and I particularly demand that no person shall be molested in person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday, by armed men firing npon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the "old flag." I am, very respectfully,

D. G. FARREAGUT, Flag-Officer Western Gulf Squadson.

apon helpless women and children for giving expression to their ple sure at witnessing the "old flag." I am, very respectfully, D. G. FARRAGUT, Flag-Officer Western Gulf Squadron.

We have not room for the whole of the rebel Mayor's answer, but cannot resist giving some of its more remarkable p.ragraphs. After acknowledging that the flight of Gen. Lovell with his army had left them without any defence, he says:

acknowledging that the night of Gen. Lovell with his army had left them without any defence, he says:

"I am no military man, and possess no authority beyond executing the municipal laws of the city of New Orleans; it would be presamptuous in me to attempt to lead an army to the field if I had one at command; and I know still less how to surrender an undefended place, held as this is, at the mercy of your gans and your morsays.

"To surrender such a place were an idle and unmeaning ceremony. The city is yours by the power of brutal force—not by any choice or the consent of its inhabitants. It is for you to determine what will be the fate that awaits us here. As to hoisting any flag not of our own adoption and allegiance, lef me say to you that the man lives not in our midst whose hand and heart would not be paralysed at the mere thought of such an act, nor could I ind in my entire constituency so desperate and wretched a renegade as would dave to profume with his hand the sacred emblem of our aspiratiors.

"Sir, you have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword, and doubt not that they sprung from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspired them. You have a gallion people to administrate during your occupancy of this city—a people sensitive to all that can, in the least, affect their dignity on delf-respect. Pray, sir, do not fail to regard their susceptibilities. The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with. You may trust their honor, though you might not count on their submission to unmerited wrong.

"In conclusion, I beg you to understand that the people of New Orleans, while unable to resist your force, do not allow themselves to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odlous and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of our cause in the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, or such as might remind them too foreibly that they are the conquered and you the conquerors. Peace and order may be preserved without resort to measures which I could not at this moment prevent. Your occupying the city does not transfer allegiance from the Government of their choice to one which they have deliberately repudiated, and that they yield the obedience which the conqueror is cutitled to extort from the conquered.

"Respectfully,"

JOHN F. MONROE, Mayor."

It will be observed that Mayor Monroe takes no notice of the firing pon the women and children

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Bishop of Liege, in Belgium, lately received from some unknown source a picture of himself, with which he was very much pleaked, attributing the present to some faithful son of the Church who did not desire to have his name known. But in a few weeks the picture, to the great disgust of the prelate, was claimed by its artist, Delacroks, who stated that it had been packed up for the London Exhibition, but the packers had stupidly put on the outside only the name of the picture—" Rishop of Liege"—to whom the railway officials had forwarded it.

In the London Exhibition Bibles will be exhibited in 100

A new kind of locomotive, invented by a Russian named Baranowski, his been tried with success at St. Petersburg. The motive power was condensed air, and on the trial trip, made with a carriage tilled with passengers, a speed of 24 English miles an hour was obtained. The inventor claims that it can be made to go much faster.

THE Japanese Ambassadors to England, who passed through Cairo and Alexandria on their way to London, are reported as having already filled their voluminous note-books with statistical information. The artist of the company is just as busy as he was in this country. The Japanese visited the Pyramids and made notes thereomethe artist indulging in elaborate aketches. They are said to be great admirers of Garibaidi: have purchased at Valetta several portraits of him, and appear to be quite inmilliar with his history and exploits. At latest accounts the Japanese had reached Paris, France.

GARIBALDI has just delivered a speech at Parma, in which said that the King of Italy wished to recall Mazzini and have the bis couns. but that there were some legal technicalities in the wa

WHEN the new reading-room and library of the British Museum was built it was arranged that the library would hold 800,000 volumes, and thus provide for the annual increase for 40 years at 20,000. But the annual increase is now at the rate of about 35,000 volumes; so that in 25 years the library will be filled.

THE incubation of the Python in the London Zoological Friems, which has been progressing for several months, has resulted insuccessfully. The eggs are addled, owing to the frequent removals of the blanket to allow curious visitors to see them. The python hereif has now passed 32 weeks without eating, and is so much attenuated is to create doubts as to her recovery. Her temper is reported as spiteful," and she does not take kindly to the removal of her addled

The series of balls given this season by the state dignitatics of France has been brought to a close by a fete given by the Countess Persigny, at which the Emperor was present in a domino. The supper on this occasion was not served on one long table, as usual, but on little ables, at each of which presided a lady of the company. The innovation proved a great success. Our lady readers will be interested in this description of one of the latest bail dresses worn by the Empress Engenie: "A robe of white tulle, covered with trimmings up to the cuees, looking like a veritable cloud, with diamonds scattered all over t. The sash was not worn round the waist, but as a scarf. The lower part of the body was of sky-blue, with wide points before and behind, and covered with diamonds. Blue velvet bows were placed on the theulders with agrafies of diamonds. The necklace was of diamonds pour of blue velvet, rather close round the throat. The coffure was a low of blue velvet, upon which were diamond whatears; at the side caves of the same color as the bow, forming a half-wreath; in the nidst of these leaves were diamond pendants, which produced a charming and brilliant effect. Some curls descended from the back hair, which was fastened by a comb with diamonds, forming a diadem. Diamonds n velvet of a light shade had not been seen before, but the effect produced was very beautiful. The sash worn as a scarf is called celuture asyadere. It is very narrow, draped at the back of the body, and tied in a bow at the front." THE series of balls given this season by the state dignita-

SEVERAL of the fashionable gentlemen of Paris are endea SEVERAL Of the ausmonable gentlemen of Paris are endeavoring to effect a revolution in the style of male dress, reviving the ornaments in vogue two centuries ago. At a recent ball in the Quartier St. Germain one of these gentlemen wore a black velvet coat, waistcoat, inexpressibles and flesh-colored silk stockings. A pair of delicately shaped hands were almost hidden beneath Venetian lace, that must have cost as much as an ordinary sait of clothes. Another wore a blue tunic with standing collar, a collarless waistcoat of pearl-gray velvet, a pair of Knickerbocker pantaloons the same color as the tunic, silk stockings, glazed leather shoes, and black cravat tied in a very careless manner. The belies, however, disapprove of the new style.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

WANT TO KNOW .- Did the two duellists who fired at the me moment hit it?

A TIMELY present. A watch-dog.

An inveterate toper and intense hater of water lately flu-hed up his life appropriately, by vindictively "kicking the bucket."

THE dying hog's farewell. I'll meat you next week.

EXTRA TAX .- All classes are now "taxing their ingenuto escap their particular impost

WHEN is an eye like a barrel? When it's bunged up.

To be taken cum grano. Blue pills.

To get up your pluck. Take a drop of the "dare raythur."

WHEN is a fish like a bird? When it takes a fiv.

WHEN was Napoleon most shabbily dressed? When he as out at Elba (clbow). A Frenchman being asked if he would take some grapes, eplied that he didn't swallow his wine "in ze shape of pills."

IF a bear were to go into a dry-goods shop, what would he

An infallible way of preventing a kitchen door from creaking is said to be, to engage a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her.

A CRUSTY old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called ve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was fast draw-

CHILDREN'S games seem to be growing popular with dulis now-a-days, as it is not an uncommon thing to see men of all ges chasing hoops in the street.

REBEL LOSS IN CANNON .- Since the commencement of ne present year, the rebels have lost an aggregate of nearly 600 siege ad field guns, as follows:

Mill Spring	10 Evansport
	17 Newberne 10
	42 Fort Marion
Elizabeth City	5 Winchester
Bowling Green	49 Island No. 10 8
Fort Donelson	65 By Gen. Pope
	5 Fort Pulaski 4:
Columbus	15 On vessels 16
	14 Miscellaneous 15
Pea Ridge	
New Madrid	
Shipping Point	6

This is irrespective of not far from 100 heavy guns captured at the Hatterss and Port Royal forts during the autumn.

REBEL ROUT AT BRIDGEPORT, ALABAMA.—Gen. Mitchell attacked the force of Gen. E. Kirby Smith at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the 20th of April, and, after half as hour's shelling, routed them, with the loss of 63 killed and a large number wounded; 300 prisoners and two pieces of artillery were taken. The rebels fied across the bridge, burning a span beyond the island, abandoning arms and supplies, and cutting off their advance, which had been flanked.

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That the name of the firm of W. FORSYTH & CO. is changed to J. H. WINSLOW & CO., Mr. Forsyth having retired. Business continued the same and all Certificates with the name of W. Forsyth & Co. attached are good, and will be redeemed by us alone with the same promptness and fathfulness as heretofore, on their being returned to us.

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for \$10, and 100 for \$15.

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N. B.—We wish it distinctly understood that all srticles of jewellery not giving perfect satisfaction can be returned and the money will be refunded. 341

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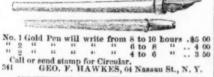
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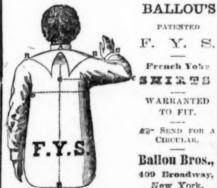
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